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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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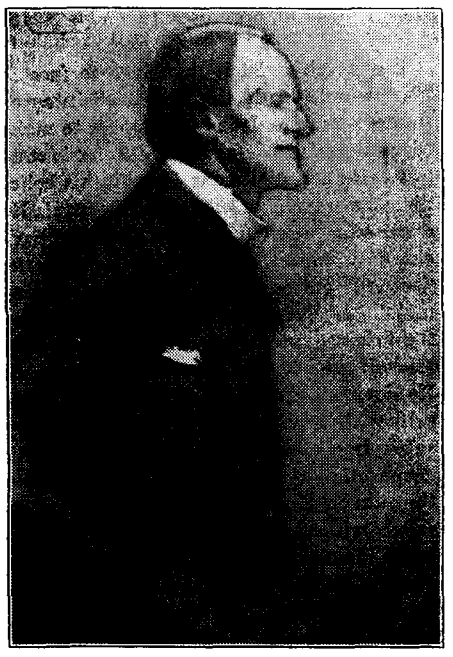


LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH
From a drawing by William Rothenstein

How (and How Not) to Read Shakespeare

ON READING SHAKESPEARE. By Logan Pearsall Smith. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1933. $1.35.

Reviewed by HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN

THIS is a charming essay of nearly two hundred pages of praise. The writer makes no claims to expertness. On the contrary, he doth protest his ignorance almost too much and somewhat ostentatiously arranges himself "among the imbecile adorers." In his whimsical love of fine writing and quaint turns of phrase, he recalls the essayists of the seventeenth century; and his fastidious distaste for "ugly plots" and "disreputable characters" is hard to understand in these twentieth century days.

As an American long resident in London, Pearsall Smith is better read in English than in American studies in Shakespeare and his choice of authorities is shown in the extended space which he gives to the studies of E. E. Stoll and Frank Harris. On points which have aroused much controversy, such as whether Polonius's advice to Laertes is "in character," he gives judgment, not indeed from the chair of authority, but none the less positively, and from a summer hammock as it were. He selects twenty principal plays of Shakespeare as the basis of his reading, and classifies "Henry V" among the inferior plays. He restricts his enthusiasms to poetry and character studies of the dramatist.

Of the plays as drama, especially as acted drama, he has no high opinion. He shares with Frank Harris an obsession as to Shakespeare's concern with sex. As one reviews the dramatists of the world, it is difficult to think of any one less subject to an interest in the unhealthy aspects of this theme; and it is shocking, to use his own word, to find a book advertised as a guide to young readers indulging in such sentences as, "If any deductions are to be made from Shakespeare's writings about his nature, an excessive and almost morbid sensuality must have been part of his endowment."

These qualifications set down, one may unstintedly commend the two great divisions of the essay, those dealing with Shakespeare's exquisite art of poetry and with his equally superb creation of char-

(*Continued on page* 107)

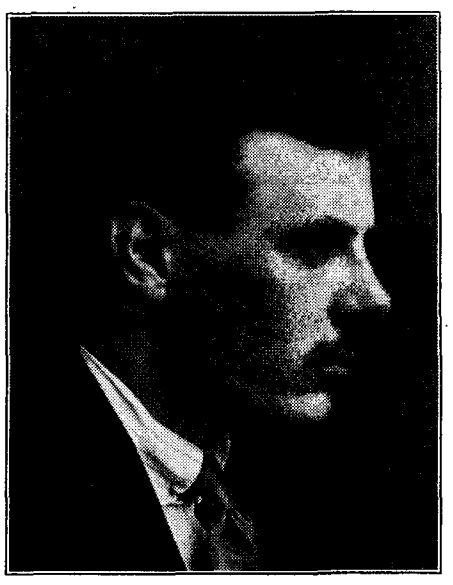
Peace Without Victory*

BY FRANK H. SIMONDS

HALFWAY between the hysteria of the moment and the historian of the composed future and for the necessary illumination of the latter, Harold Nicolson has undertaken to set down his personal reminiscences of the Paris Peace Conference. In fact he is more concerned with instructing the diplomats who will attend the Montreal Conference of 1963—the volume was obviously completed before the still recent London Conference to end conferences—than with illuminating the historian, but both might profit equally from the study of his pages.

Originally Mr. Nicolson had considered centering his narrative about Woodrow Wilson or Lloyd George. What he has in mind is a trilogy of which the first phase is supplied by his biography of his father, Lord Carnock. The last, which will have Lord Curzon for its hero, is still to be written. In this fashion Mr. Nicolson planned setting forth first pre-war diplomacy, then the transitional phase, dominated by the Peace Conference, and finally the postwar development illustrated by Lord Curzon, a choice which must seem odd to the unofficial mind.

In the end Mr. Nicolson abandoned his idea of building his story of the Peace Conference about any single participant because, as he explains, that would have resulted in simplifying the issues rather



HAROLD NICOLSON

than in supplying a picture of the complications and confusions which actually occurred. Over that decision there must be general rejoicing because the result is the most satisfying recapture of the authentic atmosphere of Paris in the winter and spring of 1919 yet achieved.

In fact, with proper acknowledgments to Marcel Proust, Mr. Nicolson might fairly have entitled his book—not "Peacemaking," as he did—but "À la Recherche d'une Conférence Perdue." If the incontestable success which he has brought off falls something short of the triumphs of the master, the explanation is quite unconsciously disclosed by the author in a report of a talk with Proust, himself.

> Proust is white, unshaven, grubby, slip-faced. Two cups of coffee he has with chunks of sugar. Yet in his talk there is no affectation. He asks questions. Will I please tell him how the committees work? I say—"We meet generally at ten o'clock, there are secretaries behind. . . ." "Mais non, mais non, vous allez trop vite. Recommencez. Vous prenez la voiture de la Délégation. Vous descendez au Quai d'Orsay. Vous montez l'escalier. Vous entrez dans la salle. Et alors? Precisez, mon cher, precisez . . . n'allez pas trop vite."

But Mr. Nicolson must go *trop vite;* not only that but *trop loin* into the bargain. Also he suffers from something of the handicap of Walter Lippmann. Confronted by a universe in labor he is torn between his desire to play the mother and his duty to act the midwife. The internal dissonance thus produced is, moreover, fatal to the achievement of complete objectivity. Again, as a writer for the general public, Mr. Nicolson suffers from certain other marked limitations. He has been molded by Balliol, stamped by the British Foreign Office, and on the literary side has a weakness for that smartness which came in with Oscar Wilde and lingers measurably in Noel Coward.

These details are not quite as irrelevant as they may seem for, since the reader is to see the Conference through the author's eyes, to understand it he must know something of what is back of those eyes. And Mr. Nicolson is—if I may dare the term—of a British type at once incomprehensible and irritating to the average American or Colonial mind. He is so clever that it is hard to take him seriously, and so full of instinctive affectations that it is difficult to believe him sincere.

The key to the Balliol complex Mr. Nicolson himself supplies when he writes of his colleague Allen Leeper, "Having been educated at Balliol he learned that intelligence is a gaudy thing unless translated into terms of creative action." And from the summit of the Oxford Olympus he saw Woodrow Wilson as President of Princeton before he was Chief Executive of the United States, and judged him accordingly. He was "slow-minded." So also were the professors and experts in his entourage, despite an exactness of technical knowledge which Nicolson praises handsomely. In fact, in the end he found all Americans "slow-minded" and the discovery impressed him. Intellectually we are worthy but our minds invariably travel at *petite vitesse.*

The Foreign Office tradition is closely allied to the Balliol training. It is a thing of the spirit that, so far, the American State Department has only been able to imitate sartorially. It prescribes that one shall speak of great powers, eminent statesmen, and ambitious conceptions with a casualness not unmixed with gentle patronage. Balliol and the "F.O." are equally memorably illustrated in the following letter of the author to V. S. W., presumably Victoria Sackville West, his wife:

> Look here, when you have *nothing* to do will you please sometimes think of the League of Nations? You see you have got to get the League temperament. Ready to help me if I go national or anti-dago. . . . My feeling about the League is that it is a great experiment and I want you to feel protective about it.

Finally, as an example of the Wilde *cum* Coward touch, take the following bit:

> Yet as an organizer, Mr. Parker proved himself superb. In order to cope

(*Continued on following page*)

* *PEACEMAKING. By Harold Nicolson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.* 1933. $4.50.

HUGH WALPOLE
From a recent photograph

The Herries Saga Ends

VANESSA. By Hugh Walpole. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THE reading of "Vanessa" has been a very pleasant and surprising experience. One has only to look at the list of titles in its front-matter to realize how many of Walpole's novels one has read, how many one has forgotten, how few one has believed in. Almost the first book I ever read was Walpole's "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill"; and that novel, having never endured the perils of rereading, has stayed in my mind as a very delicate and ruthless piece of writing. Perhaps it was. But since then how inevitably Mr. Walpole has become the magician and conjurer—the Scoto Mantuano, the mountebank of English letters!

It was not that he was insincere—quite the contrary; it was merely that he always seemed to lean towards the extravagant, the grotesque, and the ridiculous. And yet —like the other three whom one thinks of as his contemporaries, Bennett and Galsworthy and Maugham—he had the novelist's instinct to refashion the world according to his own design; and though his design was not as good as theirs, and one rarely approved of it, at least the instinct

(*Continued on page* 109)

This Week

MODERN MAN IN SEARCH OF A SOUL
By C. G. JUNG
Reviewed by Irwin Edman

NO SECOND SPRING
By JANET BEITH
Reviewed by Amy Loveman

MANDOA, MANDOA!
By WINIFRED HOLTBY
Reviewed by Mabel S. Ulrich

ONE WOMAN
By TIFFANY THAYER
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

THE MASTER OF JALNA
By MAZO DE LA ROCHE
Reviewed by Allan Nevins

TRIAL BY PREJUDICE
By ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS
Reviewed by Elmer Davis

THE FOLDER
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

THE LIBERALS GROW OLD
By BERNARD SMITH

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(*Continued from first page*)

with disease (in the British delegation) he had engaged an obstetric physician of the very greatest distinction. The female staff were placed under a chaperone. The atmosphere of the Majestic (British headquarters) was in this way one of cheerful and comradely anglicanism.

Again, while Mr. Nicolson approached the Paris Conference with a fine glow of enthusiasm for the Fourteen Points and the idealism of Wilson, he also writes:

> My feeling toward Hungary was less detached. I confess that I regarded and still regard that Turanian tribe with acute distaste. Like their cousins the Turks, they had destroyed much and created nothing. For centuries the Magyars had oppressed their subject nationalities. The hour of retribution was at hand. . . . For the Bulgarians I cherished feelings of contempt. For the Turks I had, and have, no sympathy whatsoever.

But Mr. Nicolson was present at Paris as an expert of Balkan matters. He reports amusingly how the news of the Armistice surprised him in a Foreign Office cave struggling with the problem of the Strumnitza Enclave and dragged him forth to see Lloyd George slapped on the back by an enthusiastic mob. Such a state of mind, however, makes it easier to understand the injustices incorporated in the Treaties of the Trianon, Sèvres, and Neuilly than to believe in the complete con-

A GERMAN VIEW OF THE TREATY

Then this portrait of the "Big Three" actually "peacemaking."

> The door opens and Hankey tells me to come in. A heavily furnished study with my huge map on the carpet. Bending over it (Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble) are Clemenceau, Ll. G. and P. W. [President Wilson] They have pulled up armchairs and crouch low over the maps. Ll. G. says—genial always—"Now Nicolson, listen with your ears." He then proceeds to expound the agreement which they have reached. . . . I point out that they are cutting the Bagdad Railway. This is brushed aside. P. W. says—"And what about the Islands?" "They are," I answer firmly, "Greek Islands, Mr. President." "Then they should go to Greece?" H. N. "Rather!" P. W. "RATHER!"

Clemenceau says nothing during all this. He sits at the edge of his chair and leans his blue-gloved hands upon the map. More than ever does he look like a gorilla of yellow ivory. "Balfour, afterwards is angry. Those three all-powerful, all-ignorant men sitting there and carving up continents with only a child to lead them." Nicolson does not relish that "child."

There is one more map-scene:

> Clemenceau and Ll. G. sit side by side on a sofa. President Wilson takes a map, spreads it on the carpet in an alcove room. We all squat in a circle about him. It is like hunt the slipper. He explains what has been decided downstairs. He does this with perfect lucidity. Princeton returns to him. Toward the end Orlando and Vannutelli, upon their knees make a pathetic attempt to rescue the Rosenbach tunnel. They say it will be "incon-

ing Mr. Nicolson rather than his book because even to an unusual extent the book in this case is the man. It is true that one-half of the volume is devoted to a serious discussion of the high politics and higher ethics of the Paris Conference. The mistakes, the misfortunes, the misunderstandings are all set forth at times brilliantly, always challengingly. But from Ray Stannard Baker and André Tardieu and thence to Colonel House *sage-femmed* by Professor Seymour and so on and on and on, that has been done innumerable times. And what Mr. Nicolson has to say is largely *obiter dicta* and seldom accompanied by any new or significant detail.

On the other hand, the latter half of the book, which is Mr. Nicolson's own record of impressions rather than interpretations of events, seems to the present reviewer, who was also at Paris, pure gold. It makes the whole affair, the supreme tragedy slowly evolving amidst a welter of small comedies and microscopic absurdities, come alive again as no printed page that I have read since 1919 has done. It is like an old cinema reel, forgotten and recently dragged out of the garret—and it is a "talkie" at that.

Take this bit:

> He told me that after Saturday's official opening of the conference he walked downstairs with Clemenceau. A. J. B. (Balfour) wore a top hat. Clemenceau wore a bowler. A. J. B. apologized for his top hat. "I was told," he said, "That it was obligatory to wear one." "So," Clemenceau answered, "was I." Can't you hear the old "Tiger" growl?

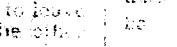
Or the following:

> Dine with Joseph Potocki at the Ritz. A fine anachronism. I tell him how deeply impressed I have been by hearing Paderewsky make a speech at the Supreme Council. He answers—"Yes, a remarkable man, a very remarkable man. Do you realize that he was born in one of my own villages? Actually at Cheptowka. And yet when I speak to him I have absolutely the impression of conversing with an equal." This reads like a page torn from "Catherine Paris," but is not less a picture of Europe turned upside down in Paris in 1919.

Heaven and the painting upon Madame Bishoffsheim's ceiling. "Why," he exclaims, "I have not come to Purris to discuss convenience; in my judgment the test is what the people themselves want."

With the passage of time the Paris Peace Conference has come to be described only in black and white, and in German and American narratives chiefly in black. Nicolson has restored the original kaleidoscope. It has been represented as a concerted and coherent crime; Nicolson reestablishes the fact that it was series of incredible and insequential accidents. For all of us who were there, whether as statesmen or as journalists, it still seems a gigantic and incredible nightmare, a confusion of emotions largely unreal, a collection of suspicions chiefly unfounded and above all a succession of sensational events ranging from the attempted assassination of Clemenceau to the arrival of Bela Kun at Budapest, which made all connected thought or action impossible.

Paris in the winter of 1919 was more like Bedlam than anyone who cares to recall even now. Time and the inevitable legend-makers have furnished it with a form and substance which were always lacking. The records and documents have been accepted as if they were accurate evidence of proceedings which in fact never took place. The orderly mind of the historian and the credulous minds of the masses have neatly sorted out what was infathomable chaos into a smug little cosmos intelligible to the simplest of God's creatures. But to those who saw the Peace Conference that picture is totally and ridiculously inexact. Mr. Nicolson has restored something of the reality. Reading his diary it is possible to get at least a hint of how and why what was to have been a far-shining miracle progressively degenerated into a tragic muddle.



Frank Simonds, one of the best-known American foreign correspondents, is the author of a five volume "History of the World War."

What the Patient Needs

MODERN MAN IN SEARCH OF A SOUL. By C. G. Jung. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by IRWIN EDMAN

IT might appear that only a psychiatrist should be allowed to review this volume of essays and lectures by the leader and founder of "analytical psychology." But as the book itself frankly and abundantly makes clear, modern psychiatry and psycho-analysis, whatever their laudable ambitions to become (or their less laudable ambitions to parade) as sciences, deserve and require the critical attention of a philosopher. For modern psychiatry is itself on several counts clearly a philosophy even—or especially—where its practitioners are unaware of the fact. Dr. Jung is more than aware of it. In the admirable essay here included on "The Basic Postulates of Analytical Psychology," the author clearly displays the assumptions of mechanistic materialism which most modern psychiatry takes uncritically for granted. Those who minister to a mind diseased, frequently say they have no use for metaphysics. Yet one has but to read this book, or that of any other psychiatrist, to see that they are using it all the time. Dr. Jung is clear-headed enough to recognize and honest enough to admit it.

There are further reasons why psychiatrists, whether they like it or not, must be regarded as practising often unconscious and often confused philosophy. The concluding essay of this volume is entitled, "Psychotherapy or the Clergy." The author observes that the neurotic is often in doubt whether to turn to the physician for a cure or to the clergyman for salvation. The majority of educated men, Dr. Jung indicates, would probably choose the former alternative. But he himself is fairly sure that cure and salvation are not

> dreds of patients, the larger number being Protestants, a smaller number being Jews, and not more than five or six believing Catholics. Among all my patients aged over thirty-five, there has not been one whose problem in the last resort was not that of finding a religious outlook on life.

The psychotherapist, then, in order to cure his patients must help them to find the equivalent of "a saving way of life." He must help them to find a meaning in experience once more. And Dr. Jung asks: "Where are the great and wise men who do not merely talk about the meaning of life and the world, but really possess it?" They are not, as Dr. Jung would probably be the first to admit, to be found generally in the office chair of psychiatrists. "What the patient needs," Dr. Jung says, "is faith, hope, love, and insight." The psychotherapist really ought to be Plato, Spinoza, Jesus, a Buddha, Socrates, or Saint Paul. He ought certainly be able to discern a meaning in life if he is to communicate one. Indeed as the author acutely points out—and not without jubilation—the spread of psychiatry especially in its Freudian form, may be said to confirm the neurotic in his sense that all the meanings and aspirations of life are suspect. His attention is focussed on the desperate hinterland of the unconscious. He is introduced almost exclusively to the seamy side of his own ardors, a method hardly designed to restore his faith in his own ideals or in the significance of experience:

> Psychiatry is clearly a therapeutic form of moral philosophy. Jung says no less in his chapter on the "Spiritual Problem of Modern Man."
>
> The modern man has lost all the metaphysical certainties, and set up in their place the ideals of material security, general welfare, and humaneness. But it takes more than an ordinary dose of optimism to make it appear that these ideals are still unshaken.

The psychiatrist is then face to face in his patients with the moral disintegration of our time. It is his business to make his patients whole again. Dr. Jung is cautious enough in all conscience in his belief that the physician can cure the soul. He discounts "methods"; he thinks the psychiatrist would do well to trust, as he does, the patient's own intuitions. He reminds the reader that a theory of psychiatry is more revealing of the psychiatrist himself than it is of any laws of behavior. He does not credit his colleagues or himself with any supernal wisdom or any satisfying view of life. He turns,—with desperation it would seem to many,—to the unconscious, the collective unconscious where out of the inherited memories of mankind, a healing power may rise, more effective by far than any rational devices or rational explanations. That collective unconscious is for him the subterranean, ageless, and obscure voice of spirit, deeper and more pervasive than either body or mind. It is the murmur of the immortal memory of mankind which it is the psychiatrist's task to help the neurotic to overhear. In those depths, he suggests, is salvation.

There are many important issues raised by such a therapy of the spirit. Words-

romanticism by no means novel, and doubtless with some curative value. The patient may be surprised to visit the clinician and to find a poet instead. Poetry, too, is for some a way of being saved. But even a poet like Dr. Jung ought to be reminded that if the spirit suffers in the midst of our present disorders, perhaps it is society as well as the psyche that needs attention. And one does not refashion society by listening to the voice of the unconscious. Intelligence is required. It may be required for the refashioning of psychic life itself.

Perhaps the leisure class neurotic ought *not* to be counselled to listen to the "symbols" of his own unconscious and draw pictures of them, as Dr. Jung asks him to do. It might help him to come from the night of his own dreams to the daylight, as Heraclitus says, of the common world. The reviewer speaks only as a philosopher, but so apparently do the psychiatrists. And from the standpoint of a social philosopher, it is hard to see how the soul can be cured in a sick society, or how society can be transformed by the whispers of the "spirit."

Irwin Edman is professor of philosophy at Columbia University.

From an Airplane

By FLORENCE RIPLEY MASTIN

THIS anesthetic of the fevered world
Carries a respite in its silver breath.
Through the uncharted air are lightly whirled
The dark, appalling stars of life and death.
Thought is blown back and swoons within the brain,
Passion is lifted cold and cob-web light,
And memory is like a window pane
Blurred by a sudden storm . . . Out of this flight,
This mad escape, how shall we bear returning,
Ever to face again the silences;
The loneliness of space with planets burning,
The motionless, mute earth, oblivious seas;
Ever to face again the silent mind
Seeking in silence what it cannot find?

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A Notable Prize Novel

NO SECOND SPRING. By Janet Beith. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

WITH this first novel Miss Beith at one enters the ranks of those who deserve watching. It has excellences which promise much, and if it has passages and even chapters which betray the novice, that after all is but normal even in a book which has carried off a 20,000 dollar international prize. Its faults, as a matter of fact, throw into greater relief its merits; they are glaring largely because they strike across a narrative that at its best is tense, forceful, and nervous. What Miss Beith has yet to learn is the manipulation of her incidental material so that it becomes a well-articulated part of her story. At present it is often awkwardly introduced, so that the tale moves forward jerkily, and its joints creak annoyingly. But it is a good, stalwart story, with a touch of almost Bontëesque wildness and force about it, and a sincerity that lends it sinews and strength.

It opens with a dramatically effective scene as Hamish MacGregor, minister of the gospel, who believes in hell-fire and damnation and no less passionately in man's divine spirit and his right to freedom, and his young wife Allison, heavy with child, seek refuge from a raging snowstorm in a dirty inn, filled with a riotous company. Miss Beith has managed strikingly to convey the bluster of the storm, the unkemptness of the hostel, and the weariness of the wife, filled with fears for the children who are following behind with their nurse and with terror for the fate of her unborn child. It is an excellent start to which Miss Beith gets off. Indeed, again and again when she is faced with elemental facts, the passions of man or of nature, she writes with ease, with sureness, and with strength. It is the amenities of her tale that trouble her, the necessity of carrying her narrative along between its moments of high tension. So long as she is describing Hamish in his determination to win the dour and indifferent parishioners of the desolate Scottish hamlet where his charge lies, or in his self-perturbation after disappointment, or Allison in her heroic moments of endurance or bitterness and even in her renunciation of the lover who for a short time irradiates her life, Miss Beith is in control of her narrative. But when she gets to her minor incidents she writes with a crudeness quite unworthy of the rest of her tale.

However, it is the virtues rather than the faults of this young novelist which should be dwelt on, for she has qualities of a striking sort. She has an ability to convey emotion with sincerity, a gift for description, an honesty toward her characters and her readers which should carry her far. Indeed in this tale of love and of faith in conflict with life she has already produced a novel well above the ordinary.

How to Read Shakespeare

(Continued from first page)

acter. The observations on poetry in particular deserve the highest commendation. Pearsall Smith has an unerring ear for the truest melody, and he rightly emphasizes the lyrical quality of Shakespeare's dramatic verse. His interest is indeed in the lyrical patches rather than in the skill of the poet in subduing the needs of dramatic dialogue to the canons of the highest poetry. The spirit of adventure with which Pearsall Smith embarks on this quest of the highest art may be indicated in the following extract:

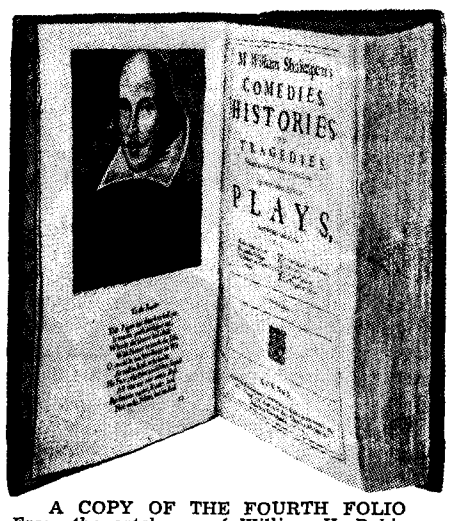
> I find it an interest in life—perhaps the greatest of my interests—and one which, as I grow older, grows both in intensity, and in my power to satisfy it—to provide my mind with meanings to attach to names. I travel to make for myself clear pictures for the names of famous and foreign cities, I study to form clear conceptions in which, as in cabinets of shining glass, I can treasure up and keep in mind the wonders of thought and letters. . . . I want to have an idea of Shakespeare; to understand what the word "Shakespearean" means. Though I shan't be able, of course, to solve the Shakespeare problems, I may learn at least what these problems are; and at any rate I shall discover what Shakespeare means to me; what, when sitting alone, with my ears shut to the reverberations of his fame, I really think and feel about him. My cup may not be a big one, but it is my own; what, I wonder, shall I find there when I have once more dipped it into that rushing stream of sound? "How dull it is," as the old Ulysses says in Tennyson's poem, "to pause, to make an end!" The ocean of Shakespeare lies before me; "there gloom the dark broad seas." I grow eager to attempt this voyage of great adventure.

What Shakespeare means to Pearsall Smith is "if not the most correct, the most opulent and most magical, of all poets." It is characteristic of him that, in this very brief essay, he spends a longer time on Ariel than on Othello, and selects this ethereal spirit for an exposition of Shakespeare's art in the development of character. This is of a piece with his theory that Shakespeare's characters are "inhabitants of the world of poetry, who in our imagination lead their immortal life apart." They live to a remarkable degree the most intense and vivid life, but this life is not one which may be translated to the stage, and one gathers that Pearsall Smith doubts whether Shakespeare's characters, even in the Elizabethan period, could ever have trod the boards of reality.

Pearsall Smith is evidently a romantic, and a most whimsical, enchanting one. This is not to say that he is not capable of the most witty and pungent criticism. We are eternally indebted to him for his observation on the holders of the Baconian theory. After referring to other fanatics, he writes, "And then, faint and far, as the wind shifts, we hear the ululations of those vaster herds of Baconian believers, as they plunge squeaking down the Gadarene slope of their delusion," and adds in a footnote this gorgeous bit:

> I do not wish, however, to speak with any disrespect of that view of the authorship of Shakespeare's plays which is so firmly held by officers in the Navy and the Army, by one of His Majesty's judges, and the manager of more than one large drapery establishment, and is corroborated by the authority of Mark Twain, Mrs. Henry Pott, Prince Bismarck, John Bright, the late Mr. Crump, K. C., and several thoughtful baronets.

Each of us cherishes his own delusions; and Pearsall Smith has his. After quoting



A COPY OF THE FOURTH FOLIO
From the catalogue of William H. Robinson, Ltd.

Professor Stoll's condemnation of those Germans who identify Germany with Hamlet, he meekly follows Frank Harris in thinking that Shakespeare was Hamlet.

But this exquisite bit of fine writing is to be treasured not as important criticism, much less as scholarly judgment upon sifted evidence. It is the harmonic throbbing of an exquisite mind thrilled by the beauty and the power of Shakespeare. It is a tribute from a reader, of gratitude and affection for the great reward that he has found in making Shakespeare his own.

He sets an admirable example to the readers of our time, first, in recognizing all the difficulties and objections to reading Shakespeare, and, second, in equipping himself with a proper apparatus for his voyage among the plays. Would that all bibliographies could be as charmingly woven into the text of an essay as is the Shakespeare library of Pearsall Smith.

* *

Henry Noble MacCracken, President of Vassar College, is part author of a volume entitled "Introduction to Shakespeare."

todians of the four American ...
as ransom when an American moving-picture company caught by floods had been taken captive by the Mandoans. It is this Arcadia which Sir Joseph Prince, romantic and elderly adventurer, creator and chairman of the firm of Prince's Tours Ltd., chooses as the site for his newest hotel and aerodrome. He will establish at Lolagoba (Mandoa's capital) a novel resort for the jaded English who, if the Empire is to be saved, must be induced to turn their backs, at least intermittently, on the comforts of life, and "live dangerously." Fortunately for his ambition he is aided and abetted by Talil, Mandoa's Lord High Chamberlain, who has not only seen civilization at Addis Ababa, but who has read all about it in *Good Housekeeping* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, and is willing to go to any lengths to bring the delights advertised in their columns into his life. From the impact of Western civilization (English model 1932) upon a barbaric and primitive, yet intelligent society, arises the story.

We shuttle from the heart of Africa with its color, its smells, its slave-trains, its feasting, its blood-curdling cruelties, to present-day London and back again. We are in on a General Election, and watch for the returns with London's social elect; we see the dole at work, meet the sophisticates and Lord Lufton's little group of serious thinkers; we watch the clear-eyed Jean Stanbury go down to her defeat in the office of the radical editor; we dine with politicians, and get a glimpse of the ways of Westminster. In short we have a very good time indeed while the futility of our present-day civilization unrolls against the background of a country eager to emerge from its barbarism by way of bath-tubs, cosmetics, and safety razors.

Miss Holtby seems not to have missed a single opportunity, and she presents her pictures with so much vigor and wit, that one is tempted to quote from almost every page. There is, for example, the banquet proffered the English engineers by the Mandoan nobles when the slightly tipsy Mason attempts to explain games and

convinced that society ... preciate his really substantial abilities, repaid it by perpetual doubt of its good faith in all other matters"; Mandoa's religious and conservative statesman, Safi Mábuta; the shrewd logic of Talil; all are etched in clean, decisive lines, and, if bitten in with acid, the ironic gaiety of the composition dominates the picture as a whole.

For those whose prime interest in novels is the sex *motif*, Mandoa will be sheer exasperation. But for those who like vigorous writing, colorful people, three dimensional adventure, who welcome arresting ideas clad in a humor which is sometimes gay and sometimes savage, this book cannot fail to be a refreshing experience.

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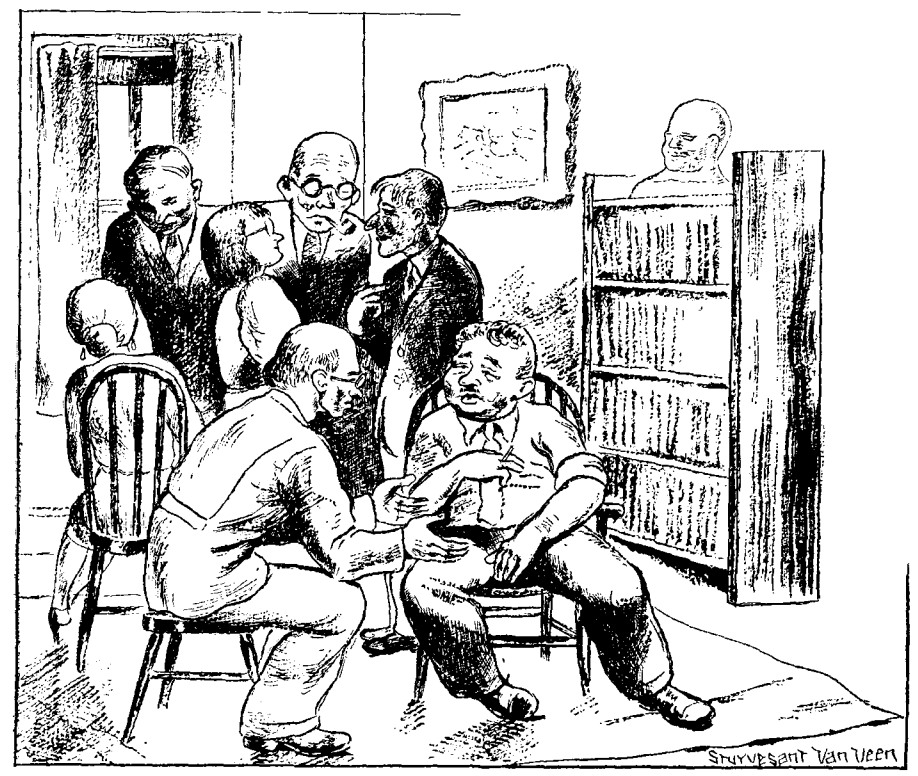

"BUT MR. KLEINHAUS, WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WRITERS AFTER THE REVOLUTION?"

To the Editor: *Morals in Colleges; Homage to Connolly*

Bending the Twig

Sir: An editorial in a recent issue of *The Saturday Review* entitled "Character or Knowledge?" must have given surprise to many readers. The editorial makes use of an incidental suggestion in the brilliant article by President Robert Maynard Hutchins that appeared in a recent issue of *The Yale Review* to attack character training in our educational institutions. I am not quite sure that President Hutchins would agree with the commentary on the quotation from his article.

It is quite true that there are two schools of thought with reference to the objectives of higher education. One school believes that higher education should not concern itself with anything, except the search for knowledge. The other school believes that [illegible] evidently, President Hutchins identifies himself with the former school, for he says that universities should not be made responsible for the moral, social, physical, and intellectual welfare of students. It is quite obvious, however, that President Hutchins is thinking strictly in terms of university objectives. It is quite true that emphasis on moral training should vary during the student's progress from home life to high school, from high school to college. There is no question that the place of largest emphasis should fall within the home circle; but character development is indissolubly connected with the enlarging experiences of youth and, therefore, cannot be terminated at some arbitrary stage.

I think there will be many who will vigorously disagree with the doctrine advanced in this editorial that character development has produced the "beef-eater" and that the "fruitful thinkers" are only those who have escaped this training in our universities. The writer attempts to prove his thesis by suggesting the names of Thorstein Veblen, Sinclair Lewis, and Edmund Wilson as examples of those who avoided character training in their youth. I am not sure that Thorstein Veblen would appreciate this distinction, if he were alive; and, perhaps, the other two men would regard it as a doubtful compliment.

W. B. BIZZELL,
President, Oklahoma University.
Norman, Okla.

Hats Off to Connolly

Sir: In two of your recent issues I noticed letters by a man who has written several books about the sea. Why did he not mention the name of the man who stands head and shoulders above all other sea writers?

I speak of the man of whom some years ago Clark Russell in the Savage Club in London said to an American magazine editor: "When it comes to writing about the sea that young fellow has us all beaten." He is the same of whom President Roosevelt wrote that he was the greatest teller of sea tales that ever lived, the same man that Conrad said was easily the best sea story writer in America, the same that Kipling wrote appreciatively of to his publishers, the same that Booth Tarkington and other authors of standing have cracked up as easily the best American writer of sea stories. He is the man of whom Viscount Castlerosse wrote in his column during the last Cup Races off Newport:— "What is the matter with you Americans that when you have a real genius among you you do not seem to know it? You will yet be naming halls of learning after Jim Connolly."

Jim Connolly has been an adventurer since he was a boy, yet adventure to him was incidental to his passion to see life. For years he wrote stories chiefly to get money to see more of the world. He could have written twenty volumes of his personal experiences without exhausting [illegible] have nothing to do with Gloucester or the navy. He is the nearest thing to Homer that the modern world has known. Like Homer, he tells of men, and sometimes women, doing big things, and he makes them do them easily and naturally, as big men do things in actual life. And he mixes humor, tragedy, passion, pathos in the telling. Why is it that he is passed over so regularly by those who bust into print so frequently with their judgments of story tellers?

TERRY O'CONNOR.

An Irish Bull

Sir: May I protest against what seems to me an injustice in Mr. Schoonmaker's able and entertaining article on sentimental travel books? That he should point out lapses or misinformation in books that purport to be guides for travel is more than justified. But to gird at Mrs. Anne Bosworth Greene's "Lighthearted Journey" on the same score is not fair. For unless the work was sold to him as a guide—in which case the fault may be traced back to one of the greater Bogies of our time, *salesmanship*—to view it in the light of a travel aid seems to me as reasonable as to catalogue her "Lone Winter" as a work on agriculture or her "Lambs in March" as a treatise on wool-raising for profit. Who would select Alphonse Karr's "Voyage autour de mon Jardin" as a technical aid in floriculture?

It would appear that we have again struck our ancient snag of definitions, their necessity and near-impossibility. For books of light experiences or adventures, full of gayety, charm, and kindly feeling both for man and beast, as well as evincing a discriminating eye for the beauty of out-of-doors, are a solace to many of us who are somewhat bemused by much latter-day fiction.

You remember the Englishman defining the nature of an Irish Bull? "You see those four cows standing in the field?" "Yes." "I repeat, do you surely see four cows standing in that field yonder?" "Why, certainly." "Well, the one lying down is the bull!"

EMILY E. F. SKEEL.
Pasadena, Calif.

the Days? bloomed last week in the Bronx was probably nearer a half-century plant, the extra fifty years being just man's inevitable exaggeration of anything strange and rare. Was it a better world when it bloomed last time, or, to be more specific, did readers put down better books to read in the newspapers of its explosion into blossom after fifty odd years of birth control? If it had been a Christmas tree in the 'eighties and each frond hung with gift volumes, there might have been fresh copies of Hardy and Meredith and Howells and Henry James, of Stevenson and Swinburne, with perhaps an Idyll of the King and "Huckleberry Finn"--instead of, what? Yes, my children, those were great days in fiction and poetry. But of course, what actually would have swung there would have been novels by the Duchess, Ouida, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and F. Marion Crawford, "Ramona," and the last book of a declining Longfellow. The difficulty with drawing morals from the ups or downs of literature is that it is so much easier to judge qualitatively than quantitatively. Was the prevailing taste for tripe in the '80's (when there were plenty of masterpieces) more significant than are better taste and fewer masterpieces today?

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

PEACEMAKING. By HAROLD NICOLSON. *Houghton Mifflin.* Personal reminiscences of the Paris Peace Conference.

MANDOA, MANDOA! By WINIFRED HOLTBY. *Macmillan.* A satire on the latter-day empire builders.

WATCHING THE WORLD GO BY. By WILLIS J. ABBOT. *Little Brown.* Recollections of a veteran journalist.

This Less Recent Book:

MAURICE GUEST. By HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON. *Norton.* A musical novel by the author of "Ultima Thule."

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All Her Lovers Were Stupid

ONE WOMAN. By Tiffany Thayer. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

A SENSATIONAL dust-cover; a table of contents divided into letters of the alphabet, ending with ampersand; what sounds extremely like a phonily "arty" beginning, on page three; and a recollection that some of Mr. Thayer's former novels have been both cheap and lurid—these were the first impressions of one reviewer on opening "One Woman." But Mr. Thayer starts in briskly and—it's immediately rather like a detective story. A flash of cheap egotism here—a vulgarized "Jurgen" double-meaning there—the leer of a "bright boy"—and then these things are brushed aside, as we begin to enter into the growing obsession of Abe Adams with the life history of a dead harlot. He has her "little red book" now (we are sophisticatedly informed that all ladies of easy virtue have them), and he begins to try to track down all the people there fragmentarily listed who might enlarge his understanding of her. The race takes up the book, that's all. . . .

The writing of this novel is on a most uneven level. There are stretches of consuming interest. There are quicksands of wordiness. Even the usually crisp dialogue sometimes flags. The end peters out in a series of fitful flashes. Rosita remains almost as much of a mystery at the end as she was at the beginning, despite all that has been told about her. Perhaps that was Mr. Thayer's idea. And you do not believe more than half that Abe Adams believes about her. He is in love with the idea of her.

But that last statement is what makes for the peculiar originality of the novel. Abe Adams is in love with a dead woman who he never knew existed when she was in the flesh. She is a woman only in her experience with men—a manifold experience—for she dies as a comparatively young girl. How did she "get that way"? Was she just an ordinary tart? What Abe Adams really sets out to find is her soul. He anticipates a strangely different "defense of Guenevere," almost incredible in a guinea-pig newspaper man. He begins to surmount the difficulties of gathering testimony. Affair after affair after affair he discovers. But he continues to believe that this was no ordinary woman. The nearest he ever gets to understanding her is that "sex and sympathy were inextricable with her. . . . That some cosmic short-circuit had connected the seat of her affection, of her sorrow, her compassion, her pity and her love, be that place called 'heart' or any other organ, with those parts which made her woman." She is a sport on the family tree; and out of what a drab and weak family she came! Her mother's Mexican blood may have given her her only fire. She remains the one love of Abe Adams's life and to him a mystery almost holy. Then one of the gunmen with whom the tracing of her career has involved him, "rubs him out."

This reviewer thinks Mr. Thayer's sympathy with and understanding of Rosita quite remarkable and moving. It might have been said of her, "All Her Lovers Were Stupid," for a sorrier lot of goofs of different kinds—from child-raping lawyer to hamburger prize-fighter—were never assembled by a novelist. We felt like cheering when we read, "this was a potential mother, perverted from its destiny, visited by countless dullards who knew not what they sought and went away without realizing what they had got." That witlessness is the most awful fact about prostitution, that blind seeking that forever ends in ashes. And Mr. Thayer is not backward in pointing out that the stupidity and hypocricy of human society as at present constituted is a good deal to blame for our Rositas. Most minor link in the chain of vice is the fact that a woman prostitutes the use of her body. Most horrible in that chain is the slimy chicanery of all manner of dominating men, including those of great respectability in high places. But this is not a sermon.

There is vulgarity in this book, and a great deal of warmth. Through Abe's thoughts—and several asides of Mr. Thayer's own that his rather creaky construction makes it necessary for him to furnish—we have somehow a Rosita who lingers long in the mind. Not a woman of character, but a woman of strange generosities, arousing our genuine pity, even our wrath at the entirely callous fools surrounding her. A woman with a once still-born birth of beauty in her heart; a woman gaining no fortune from the knaves who fastened upon her; a woman of passion who felt her destiny moving within her and, between that and forward circumstance, was forced to forego happiness forever.

I did not know that Mr. Thayer had this tenderness and understanding, under his garish tricks and movie mannerisms. He has not just "written up" what was an exceedingly "bright idea" for a story; he has created a living woman in whom one believes.

And, as a minor matter, in Belle's child, Mary Ann, he has presented to us a real child—made fantastic by certain circumstances, but as real a child underneath as ever I have encountered in fiction.

Nothing Succeeds Like Sussex

GIPSY WAGGON. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: Harper & Bros. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE

IT is pointless and futile to protest of popular novels that are never more than popular novels, but it might conceivably be of some service to protest against the misuse of talents that might conceivably be set to better purpose.

Miss Kaye-Smith has, for some time, been a high-calibered popular novelist, her work has kept the custodians of lending libraries pleasantly busy, but she possesses attributes that are rare enough in her field. She has a genuine ear for the language of the Sussex countryside; she writes a gracious, mellifluous prose and can set her scenes against backgrounds that possess color and novelty. Is it altogether naive to expect of her something better than she gives us in this latest novel: a tale of the slump that has the air of complete fabrication ("What will my next novel be about?" thinks the author); that reports the factual aspects of life with accuracy and some degree of pertinency, that utilizes the material of our daily lives and still completely fails to move the reader to admiration, pity, or even excitement.

For when you have laid down the story of Fred Sinden—a ploughman who had no plough, who finally had no home and was forced to live with his wife and children in a caravan, who grew to love the roving life so much that when opportunity offered both house and plough again, he chose the road—you are literally no wiser than before. The events of his daily life at home and on the road pass before you in impartial detail, characters appear and have their say and disappear, the whole is welded with craftsmanship of a high order, furnished out with "atmosphere" and topical commentary, and is, in the last analysis, completely inconsequential.

The Herries Saga Ends

(*Continued from first page*)

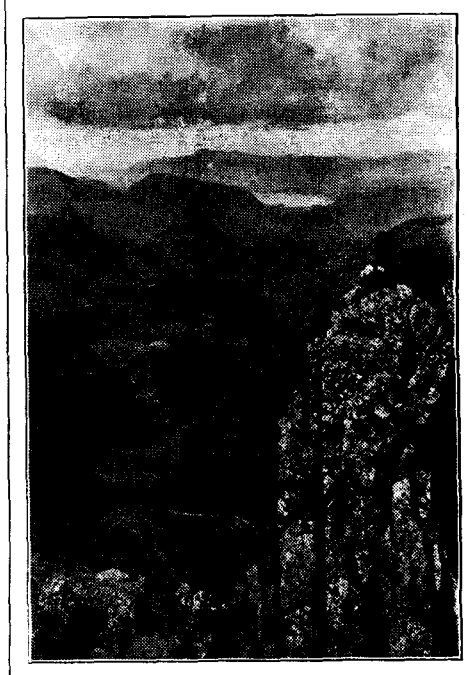
was there. The Herries saga, for instance—of which "Vanessa" is the final and by far the most successful volume—never quite fell into that lamentable heresy which has seduced even the competent Miss Bentley: it never put a premium on fertility, it never supposed that a little history and a good deal of procreation make a book.

True, it takes some time for Vanessa herself to emerge—the first pages are fairly cluttered with names and identities for whose place in the scheme you must—if you have the courage and unless you have an excellent memory—consult an intimidating genealogy on page 620. But slowly you realize, as the granddaughter of Judith Paris comes to life, that something very strange is taking place; that Scoto Mantuano has stepped down from his bank; that we are to have no spell-binding, no juggling with words and scenes; that Mr. Walpole has become, like the Herries, almost respectable. It is a surprising change, and it suits him admirably.

The story of Vanessa Paris flows very gently from 1874 to 1932; all the changes of those changing years are no more than incidents in the Herries fortunes, and the Herries fortunes are no more than a background to the quietest and the most moving love story that Walpole has ever told. The Herries have settled all over England; they are good upper middle class, with a minor nobility at the top and a few ugly scandals at the bottom. Almost the last of these scandals is Benjamin Herries, the black sheep of the family, a wanderer on the face of the earth, a milder and more credible version of Rogue Herries; and the single consistent thing in Benjamin is his love for Vanessa Paris. Vanessa, like Benjamin, belongs to the "bad" Herries, the Herries who remained true to Cumberland: her father was illegitimate, her grandmother notorious; but she herself is simple and religious. If she had married Benjamin, the only man she ever loved, she would never have been a thorn in the Herries flesh; but when Benjamin—forced into marriage with a girl he had seduced—made that impossible, she became the wife of Sir Ellis Herries of Hill Street, and thereafter one of the most beautiful hostesses in London. Ellis was always neurotic. Towards the turn of the century he became quite definitely insane, and Vanessa—with a strong conviction of sin and of retribution for sin—ran away with Benjamin to Cumberland. In 1903 she bore an illegitimate child, just as her grandmother had done nearly ninety years before, "in the heart of storm and confusion" (with which pretentious coincidence Walpole the mountebank makes his first and last bow in this book).

But these middle-aged lovers were not to stay together. Ellis's homicidal madness turned to mere childishness, and Vanessa, who had married him from her depth of pity, knew that she must go back to him. This was her retribution. The family forgave her for the scandal she had inflicted on them, and she lived with her mad husband in Hill Street until her death in 1912. That was her tragedy and Benjamin's.

It is upon this peculiar triangle—Benjamin and Vanessa and Ellis—that the story is built: everything else is purely incidental. The first stage of Ellis's madness is managed with a delicate skill; in the final stage, when he and Vanessa are alone together in Hill Street, the story comes very near to greatness. One had never expected to say this of a writer who is essentially boisterous and complacent, but Walpole treats these characters and their predicament with something like humility, and he extends this humility beyond them to the whole English scene. That is why the conclusion of the book—the war and post-war period—gives one a sense of permanence and dignity. The Herries are credible at last. They are left in possession: they suffer no great reverses and make no great fortunes; they are not the best in England, but they are not the least typical and, unlike their predecessors in the saga, they are quite tangible, quite real.



A VIEW OF THE HERRIES COUNTRY

"Vanessa" is the most human of all Walpole's novels. It is by no means the most astonishing of course. Some readers may sigh for the sound and fury, the eccentric coincidences, the lust, the gusto, the magician's tricks: but in the end they may agree that this, his quietest book, is also his most imaginative, in the sense that its characters are brought very near to us and that it is scarcely at all tainted with fantasy. The Herries saga as a whole may not last very long; most of it was written by a literary mountebank—the best of his kind, to be sure, but still a mountebank. But "Vanessa"—which is the work of a stranger, a humble and deeply experienced man—may easily flourish long after "Rogue Herries" and the rest have been quite forgotten.

THE BRIDGE WHERE THE HERRIES CHRONICLE BEGINS AND ENDS

The pictures on the page are taken from a collection of photographs of the Herries country, for which Hugh Walpole wrote the identifying captions

Fourth Chronicle of the Whiteoaks

THE MASTER OF JALNA. By Mazo de la Roche. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

MISS DE LA ROCHE'S latest—her fourth Jalna book—carries the chronicle of the Whiteoaks, their house, acres, horses, dogs, affections, and quarrels, down to the present moment. The familiar appurtenances of life in recent years are all here. Mortgages, money-troubles, automobile highways, plus-fours, adulteries, and so on, commingle with the Whiteoak heritage from England, India, and the early years of Upper Canada. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that they trouble and confuse, but never interrupt, the steady pulse of the Whiteoak tradition. Whatever happens, the family and the house staunchly remain. "Improvements" and suburban subdivisions reach out from Toronto, but the wide estate of Jalna remains intact. Deaths occur, stately Lady Augusta following self-willed old Gran to the grave, but the ranks are more than filled with the oncoming generation. One brother seduces the wife of another, but the family never breaks up. The great red-brick mansion still stands above the lake, the

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Indian parrot still screams, the master still presides over a long and noisy dinner table, the walls still shelter a varied group who, however they clash, yet remain loyal to the Whiteoak name.

The charm of Miss de la Roche's long-drawn-out tale, now running close to two thousand pages, lies in just this combination of two diverse elements. She has vividly realized, and dexterously drawn, a dozen highly individual and self-willed characters, some of them eccentric, some of them quarrelsome, nearly all difficult to live with; but at the same time she has indicated with equal vigor the power of kinship, family pride, and the sense of a common past to knit this diverse tribe together. In this latest instalment, the family vicissitudes are dominated by red-haired Rennie—the strongest-willed of all since the passing of old Gran, with her stick, her hot temper, her fortune, and her strange kiss-me-quick fits of loneliness. He does not have Gran's money, which went to the young genius of the family, Finch, just emerging as a composer. He does not carry on the farm work, which falls to soil-bound Piers. But he presides at the mansion, raises horses, decides vital family issues, and keeps the clan together. He rules the two grand old uncles, Ernest and Nicholas, and cuffs the adolescent Wakefield. Sometimes, under the stress of money troubles, wayward affections, the pressure of the outside world, his authority is temporarily questioned. But not for long, for they all dumbly realize that in him is somehow incarnated the spirit of Jalna, an old-world family seat in a new-world setting.

Readers who liked and admired "Jalna" —and who that read it did not?—will like and admire this latest sequel. Not, perhaps with the same ardor. Some loss of freshness is visible here. The author's invention of incident sometimes seems a little forced. But her hand remains as true and quick as ever at character drawing, and all the well-loved characters are here again. Those readers of the first volumes who wish to see what use Finch makes of his money inherited from Gran; what becomes of the wayward young poet and scoundrel Eden; how Ernest and Nicholas take the sudden death of their sister Augusta; just how the silent Rennie breasts the endless troubles that somehow beset him and the estate—to them the volume may be cordially recommended.

Due Process of Law

TRIAL BY PREJUDICE. By Arthur Garfield Hays. New York: Covici-Friede. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MR. HAYS'S book has a double value. First, it maintains the thesis that "human beings, when they sit in judgment on their fellows, whether as judges, jurors, school boards, admission or expulsion committees, bureaus, administrators, synods, or courts-martial, act like human beings. . . . When the human mind weighs facts and forms conclusions, it does so in the light of emotions, predispositions, and prejudice." And, since this volume deals chiefly with judges and jurors, "where predispositions and emotions are aroused, there cannot be a fair judgment on the facts and the law." . . . "In the ordinary case an innocent man is in little danger of conviction. If the issue, however, arouses the emotions . . . if those charged belong to an unpopular minority, a despised class or an heretical group, if they are hated by the community . . . in the vast majority of such cases it would seem that the judge or jury need only an excuse to convict. This has been so in all times, all over the world, under all governments and systems."

Americans are not responsible, however, for other governments and systems; accordingly, Mr. Hays recites some of the conspicuous cases in which emotions, predispositions, and prejudices have caused failures of justice in this country. The Scottsboro and Mooney-Billings affairs are discussed at length; there are briefer recitals of seven other cases, including those of Sacco and Vanzetti and of Leo Frank. All of this is tol-

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS
Photograph by Nickolas Muray

erably familiar to a good many people, and will be unsatisfactory to many others; radicals will dislike Mr. Hays's observation that human beings are affected by many motives that cannot be fitted into the neat box of the class struggle, and reactionaries will wish that these matters had never been brought up at all. Nevertheless, in between the extremes there should be a large and increasing class which wants to know about these things, and which could hardly find a fairer or more scrupulously impartial exposition than that of Mr. Hays.

For his book is not merely a list of miscarriages of justice due to prejudice. To most of us, prejudice is something felt by the other fellow; Mr. Hays not only has the tolerably rare ability to recognize that he has prejudices too, but the inclination (still rarer) to examine his own conscience, try to drag his own prejudices out into the light and set them forth as clearly as he can so that the reader can make allowances.

Furthermore, having recited some noteworthy and scandalous miscarriages of justice due to emotion and prejudice, he balances the record by setting down half a dozen other cases in which either the prejudice was justified, or the defendants were acquitted in spite of it—including the affair of Charles E. Mitchell. It takes a bold man to defend a banker, in these times; yet Mr. Hays not only explains plausibly the feeling of the jury that acquitted Mitchell—he goes further and points out that under the conditions obtaining in Luke Lea's North Carolina trial a fair trial was impossible, and that in the Bank of United States cases "tomes of the law were scanned to dig up a technical charge." He might have added the instance of William H. Anderson; like Mitchell, Marcus, Singer, Lea (and Mooney; and Sacco; and Vanzetti) he was a man whom the community detested and wanted to see put out of the way. Yet tomes of the law had to be scanned to dig up a technical charge against him.

A reviewer who gave three cheers for the convictions of Anderson, Marcus, Singer, and Lea, and had hoped to give three cheers for the conviction of Mitchell, finished this book with the conviction that he had better sit in sackcloth and ashes a while and search his soul, to see how much he might find there of the stuff that makes a Goering or a Krylenko. And this, perhaps, is its greatest value; on readers who have, or like to believe they have, any inclination to tolerance or fairness it will impose a penitential exercise that can hardly fail to be good for the soul. Mr. Hays, obviously, would be one of the first people shot in any violent revolution, whether from the right or from the left; for his habit of mind is of the essence of civilization as it was defined by the best of the ancients, and has been defined since the Christian Church began to lose its grip. Unless civilization is to be redefined, as it has been in Germany and Russia, this is the habit of mind that must be encouraged. Since the left-central revolution by common consent, now in progress, depends so much on tolerance and understanding, one might almost say that reading of Mr. Hays's book, and contrite reflection on it, is a civic duty.

A Good Reporter Reports

WATCHING THE WORLD GO BY. By Willis J. Abbot. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN PALMER GAVIT

NEWSPAPER men almost always write for their fellow-craftsmen. Doubtless they get that way early, through tense effort to please and interest the past-master on the city desk, who gives them assignments and regulates the walking of the ghost. In this book Willis J. Abbot, whether or not consciously, is doing it in every paragraph, as he has been doing it for more than half a century. I do not know how interesting it will be to what we are pleased to call "the layman," the general reader—there have been many such stories of a newspaper man's experience—but I find it immensely so. Perhaps because, though some five years his junior, I am virtually his contemporary, a product of the same school of journalism; namely that of hard hand-to-mouth experience beginning in the '80's. Always enthralling is another man's account of things, people, and doings that one has seen or known about himself. By the same token and like all other newspaper writers, Abbot takes too much for granted on the part of his average reader, just such background, especially political, as newspaper men have. The book is essentially journalistic, the style distinctly "journalese," and the point of view . . . well, a distinction lies in the fact that a true reporter is little aware of himself. He indeed "watches the world go by" (the title is apt); he sees and says what happens. Seldom does it occur to him that what he watches is any of his personal business—that even as a citizen, he is himself concerned. Anyhow, as usual in such books, of which there are many, the reader hardly will discern the emotions, if any, of the writer.

Although autobiographical in form, Abbot's book does not tell you much about himself, save as you may infer his personality from his comment upon the events he has seen and the people he has known during fifty years of hard, honest-to-god newspaper work since, fresh from the University of Michigan, he began as a reporter on the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, amid a shooting affray to give zest to his initiation. You learn of the literary background of his life, in the fact that he is grandson of the John S. C. Abbott whose "Life of Napoleon" fixed for long the American idea of that momentous figure; grand-nephew of the Jacob Abbott whose Rollo Books, deserving literary immortality but now almost forgotten, constituted general pabulum of youth in my day and earlier. Abbot's father shook off the extra "t" in the name, restoring the original spelling. Willis Abbot began his own literary career with "The Blue-Jackets of 1861," writing many other books of similar tone and import—up to a "Blue-Jackets of 1918."

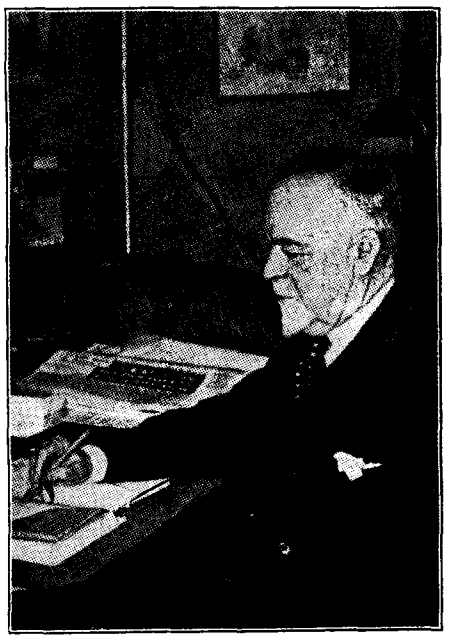
As a whole, this book is a panorama of two generations of American political history as a keen-eyed, reflective, temperamentally judicious and discriminating reporter has seen it. Notable figures walk or strut, Lafcadio Hearn and Jesse James; Jefferson Davis and Roscoe Conkling; Ben Butler of the "bias eye" and Carter Harrison, World's Fair mayor of Chicago; Grover Cleveland and John P. Altgeld; Eugene V. Debs and William Jennings Bryan; Tom Reed and "Uncle Joe" Cannon; Tom Johnson of Cleveland, Bob Ingersoll, Roosevelt, Taft, Hughes, Al Smith, Coolidge, Hoover, and innumerable others—each subjected to a swift, objective, ruthlessly candid estimate, sometimes sympathetic, usually fair, and always in good temper. Distinguished among these appraisals is that of William Randolph Hearst, for whom Abbot worked long and understandingly; it is one of the best and most vivid analyses of that extraordinary character that I have ever seen. Dana and the old-time *Sun* (which has no successor) were profoundly formative in Abbot's professional training—'twas a priceless inextricable weaving. There are cogent reflections, upon journalism as a profession, upon the relation between editorial liberty and business-office domination; every newspaper man will appreciate them, for they embody a rich and varied experience through the whole gamut of the business in many parts of the country; all evident in this fruitage. So will he appreciate the story of Abbot's long connection with the *Christian Science Monitor*. Of that he is proud, as well he may be; for that newspaper is of its sort, if not unique, certainly one of the best in the world.

In these times of potential social and economic revolt, when chaos seems to lurk round every street corner and crossroads, it is interesting to read this remark:

> In these latter days, there is a nation-wide terror of revolutionary activities among the working people . . . Politicians and a type of professional hunters for "Red" activities have found a certain profit in stimulating this dread and exploiting it. Yet with a fairly wide acquaiitance with labor and social workers in the United States, I feel justified in saying that nowhere today is there a parallel to the militant discontent of the working people in Chicago in the 1880's. Nowhere during the unprecedented financial depression of 1930-33 were there strikes attended with such riotous outbreaks as the railroad riots of 1873, the Debs strike of 1893, or the Homestead strike of 1892. It is interesting to speculate on the reasons for the practical disappearance of what is called "direct action" from the programme of militant labor agitators and socialists today. . . .

Apt and up to the minute, too, the observation with which the book closes:

> As I am writing, the new administration is enjoying its political honeymoon . . . The press is friendly and the "White House Gang" of correspondents, who did so much to unmake Hoover, are covering President Roosevelt with praise and prophecies of a successful administration. For the good of the nation, such an end is devoutly to be wished. And yet there is in Holy Writ a word of counsel peculiarly applicable to incoming Presidents of the United States:
>
> "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."



WILLIS J. ABBOT

Indeed, this might well serve as text and synthesis of Willis J. Abbot's book; for it depicts with human and humane appraising eye, lively sense of humor, and fund of pungent anecdote, together with sure-handed realizing sense of color values, the endless procession of men across the American political stage; waxing and waning, swelling and collapsing; bravely splurging in and splashing awhile, a little while, then going down with little ripples (or none) marking the spot.

* *

John Palmer Gavit, a journalist of long experience, was managing editor of the New York Evening Post from 1913-18.

President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia has published a book called "The Way of Democracy," which will probably appear in English eventually. He is in his eighty-fourth year.

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The Bowling Green

The Folder

45TH STREET

FROM time to time we have applauded some of the picturesque features of our block on West 45th Street. This building alone (number 25) as it reveals itself in glimpses of the elevator contains much variety of entertainment: the directors of suburban clubs of amateur players going to French's to look for a comedy script with a good part for everyone; the Scottish sales representative of 4711 Eau de Cologne on his way to visit the New York office (do the Scotch buy perfume?); crisp looking young men with curly hats who write for the *New Yorker*. In hot weather this is one of the best blocks in town: the Frigidaire office next door makes it a point of honor to exhale a lot of cool air onto the pavement, and near Fifth Avenue there's the basement grating above Jaeckel's fur vaults where the old apple-man stands smoking his pipe in a rising gust of chill.

But one of our prettiest sights is going away. Marcus & Company, jewelers at the corner of 45th and Fifth, are going to move farther up the Avenue. Their delicious little window displays, always original, imaginative, beautiful, have long fascinated us, with gazing fed. They have occasionally suggested literary analogies which (to us at least) were as sparkling as the gems themselves. It's always pleasant to salute a fellow-trafficker, especially when there's no possible chance of his goods coming into competition with our own. Neither Mr. Marcus nor any other jeweler has ever paid the slightest attention to our bashful homages, but we have gone right on admiring their stuff. Not long ago Marcus had in the window a little tank of Cambodian fish, with weeds and colored sand and shimmering pearls sprinkled on the sand. It made us think of some fine stanzas (very much in the mood of the economic New Deal) in Keats's *Isabella*, and we were pleased all day. We even suggested, once or twice, that a book of great rarity, or the MS of a famous poem, would be an appropriate companion for precious stones in the window. Anyhow, to Mr. Marcus's display-editor we wish equally appreciative spectators at the new shop—on the outside of a strong pane of glass.

LEXICOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT

M. E., a librarian in Rochester, wrote some months ago:—

> "Even with the aid of Webster we are unable to distinguish the essential differences among *dock*, *wharf*, and *pier*. Would you be so kind as to give your definitions?"

I submitted this interesting inquiry to high authority, Captain David W. Bone of S.S. *Transylvania*. His comment may be regarded as final. The suggested etymology of pier from *pierre* is new to me. I wonder? Captain Bone says:—

> *Dock* is an artificially enclosed space for the harborage of vessels; the water area is a part of the Dock. *Pier* is a built erection, of stone or wood, to which vessels may be made fast for the convenient handling of cargo or passengers. *Wharf* is generally accepted as being of somewhat less solid construction than a Pier (Pierre = stone) and is understood to be a place at which a ship may lie whilst cargo is landed and stored: a wharf is nearly always a private place in point of proprietorship, as against a Pier owned by some Harbor Trust or Port Authority.

I feel more guilty for having bothered a busy shipmaster with a less warrantable inquiry. A mariner from Lake View Park, Ohio, objected to my usage "Captain Dixon shipped *in* her as cabin-boy." He wrote, "fresh water sailors never sail *in* a ship but rather *on* it." The phrase *on* a ship has always sounded lubberly to deep water men. Captain Bone, who holds traditional sea lingo in lifelong regard, comes sharply to our defence. He writes:—

> Your correspondent would admit that he does not live "on" a house, so why should he insist that sailors live "on" a ship? We are somewhat proud and touchy about the fact of our ships being each self-contained units, dwellings, parishes, counties, states, countries,—afloat on the sea. To say "on board" a ship is quite right, but "on" a ship is the saying of a very greenhorn. "In" a ship is right. But for Gawd, his sake, don't start an argument with a jolly young waterman from Lake View—wherever that is. He will probably call funnels, "stacks," and ships—"boats."

THOREAU BURIED TWICE

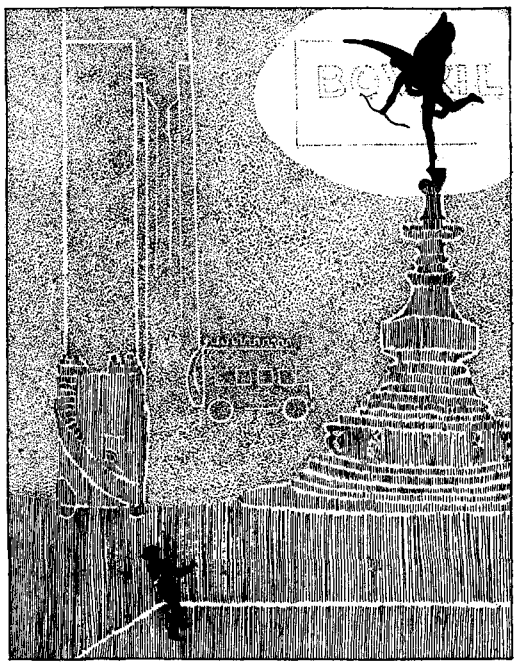
August 31, 1933.

SIR:—I have seen the letter of J. A. H. Sr. in the August 26th Bowling Green about the "Grave and Hut-site of Henry Thoreau." Yes, I'll be your guide at Concord. I start for that New England town tomorrow, and if you'll return there, I'll do better than J. A. H. promises: I'll show you the hut-site and *two* grave-sites. Henry Thoreau was buried twice.

But I can't, in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, show you a pink boulder, Emerson's, and a red boulder, Thoreau's," unless someone has shifted headstones since I was there a year ago. Emerson's is pink all right; but Thoreau's was gray last summer, and was no boulder but a little foot-square slab with the name "Henry" on it. Every stone on the Thoreau lot was gray also. Years ago, before my time, there was a red Thoreau family stone (not a boulder); but that was removed and discarded fifty years ago.

The "sites" of Concord are interesting enough, but you know as well as I do that Walden is not a pond but a book which is Concord's second shot "heard round the world," and that twice-buried Thoreau is not as dead now as he was on May 8, 1862, when they held his funeral.

RAYMOND ADAMS.



THE ARROW
Drawing by Adele M. Burcher

VOLTAIRE'S LIBRARY

George Arliss's picture about Voltaire (which I haven't seen, but I watched some work being done on it in Hollywood last spring and admired the sets) reminds me that I have saved in The Folder (for four years) a letter from N. R. (Chalet Wildhorn, Gstaad, Switzerland) answering an inquiry at that time. No question is ever dead as long as it lingers in The Folder. N. R. wrote:—

> You mentioned that you would like to know how Voltaire's library happened to be in Russia. On a visit to Ferney recently I made the same enquiry and was told that after Voltaire's death his library was bought by Catherine the Great. At that time it was composed of about six thousand volumes, each book containing many marginal notes in Voltaire's fine, neat handwriting. The collection consisted of history, theology; many dictionaries of languages; Italian poets; English philosophers, etc. It seems there were no rare editions; and the great value attached to the volumes was due principally to the notes and comments on the margins. Ferney was somewhat disappointing. It is now owned by a Frenchman who apparently does not consider it of enough interest even to admit visitors. It is hardly inspiring so far as situation is considered; but as Voltaire never seems to have been interested in nature—as was the case with so many of those amusing people of that period—a somewhat banal view of Mont Blanc was probably satisfactory. Madame de Staël's house at Coppet—a few miles away—is much more sympathetic; as is also a simple little manoir at Colombier—the home of that amazing Zélide.

BERRIANA

SIR:—It seems to me that you deserve some sort of medal for merely mentioning the wine shop of Charles Walter Berry than which, in the whole city of London, there is no place, if I may borrow a phrase from Mr. Berry's own business, with more "bouquet" and with more charm.

About three years ago it was my pleasant good fortune to have to carry on certain business dealings with Mr. Berry. This involved a series of visits to his establishment on St. James' Street. No other memory of London comes to me so often. It is made up of things like this: the high desks with the high stools that recall Bob Cratchit—except that there is no Scrooge present; the clerks working at the ledgers which are kept in long hand; the books wherein are entered the weights, as they came there to be weighed, of all the members of the royal family since the early Georges; the aroma of venerable wine; the collection of wine bottles of all shapes and forms dating back to—well pretty nearly whenever wine was first put into bottles made of glass; the precious arrack, which Mr. Berry had inveigled from the cellar of an unsuspecting Lord (who gave it to him, and then tried to take it back); and the precious elixir which had been laid down in 15.. (the last two figures escape me) and which would now never be drunk, for, short of Judgment Day, when would come an occasion sufficiently momentous to be celebrated with the oldest alcoholic beverage now extant?

In connection with these visits, I recall one incident which may be amusing in this year of 1933. The matter which took me to Mr. Berry was the settling of an estate, and besides setting a value (for the British death duty people) on the contents of a small but judiciously selected cellar, Mr. Berry also arranged to buy it, or more properly, to take it back, for most of it had come from his vaults. But one day he made a very appealing suggestion.

"Why don't you keep some of this wine?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Why don't you let me store some of it for you, and then when Prohibition is repealed as it will surely be, the Americans being a people of sense and judgment, I will ship it to you. You will thus have the beginnings of a cellar."

"My dear Mr. Berry," I said, "you flatter the American people, but you do not know them. Obviously the Americans whom you meet hate Prohibition, but they represent only a small fraction of the whole nation. Prohibition will never be repealed—at any rate not in our lifetime."

"I wonder," said Mr. Berry.

This conversation took place in September, 1930. I wonder if Mr. Berry remembers it now.

Another thing I recollect of these dealings with Mr. Berry is that each time I called on him he offered me a glass of sherry, and that each glass seemed more distinguished than its predecessor. One year that sticks in my mind was 1852. Needless to say the business was protracted through as many visits as possible.

I have an inscribed copy of *Viniana*, and it rests on my shelves next to an inscribed copy of the collected works of John Masefield. In a sense both are books of poetry.

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB.

I hope and presume that Mr. Chubb is familiar with Muirhead Bone's drawing of the interior of Berry's shop, in James Bone's fine book, *The London Perambulator*. Won't Mr. Knopf some day reprint that book in pocket size, for the convenient pleasure of travellers?—The Bowling Green has for many years kept on its office desk, as talisman, a wine-bottle (empty) that came from Berry's.

I reproduce today the gay little drawing of Eros in Piccadilly Circus, referred to last week but accidentally omitted.

Morgan Taylor, after some persuasion, allows us to attach his name to his own parody of *Crossing the Bar*, a closer version than Bliss Carman's (which we printed here August 26). M. T. says "I did it, embellished it, pasted a little calendar on the bottom, and stuck it in with Christmas cards, years ago, when I was with Putnam's and the retail was on 23rd Street. A poor unsuspecting female paid $5.00 for it, which I pocketed. Big money in them days!"

Sunset and Haig's Three-Star,
And one near call for me;
For say, a Scut was owning of the Bar
That I put in to see.

For when, dull-eyed, I almost seemed asleep,
Too full of suds and foam,
'Twas he who threw me out, a soundless heap,
And turned back home.

Twilight,—an evening's hell,
And after that the dark;
"Git out!" There was no sadness of farewell
In that remark.

And tho' from all concern of time and place,
My souse it bore me far,—
I hope to meet that Bar-keep face t· face,
Then watch *me* cross the Bar!

MORGAN TAYLOR.

No place is more interesting than a printing-plant, and in all the bulk and rumble of "literary" gossip I wonder why we don't hear more anecdotes about what goes on in printing shops. The much admired Vail-Ballou at Binghamton, for instance—what are they reading up there? Is there competition between printers to get the job of doing their favorite detective stories? The Vail-Ballou folks are Dr. Priestley men; Quinn & Boden in Rahway are all for Hercule Poirot. (It pleases us to see Dodd Mead living up to their oldtime flair for detective stories with two such excellent yarns as *The Claverton Affair* (starring Dr. Priestley) and *Thirteen at Dinner* (featuring M. Poirot).—The proofreader is the man whose comments on books we should like to hear more often. Who was the fellow at the Plimpton Press (Norwood, Mass.) who had to read all of Egon Friedell's *Cultural History of the Modern Age*? What did the Polygraphic Company think about that extraordinary volume, *The Book of Talbot*? Or does "polygraphic" mean it was photographically reproduced and no proofreading necessary? Is it so that Quinn & Boden have printed more Book of the Month selections than anyone else? Who printed *The Soft Spot*? Did he dissolve in tears or did he (like me) struggle with impolite mirth? Some pretty smart proofreading was done on *Worth Remembering* by Rhys James (Longmans Green), a book of most savory humor; intended to cause mirth, and will.—Who was the fortunate printer of *Anthony Adverse*? Has he corrected that error, early in the story, about tree-trunks getting green on the *southern* side? Or hasn't there been time to lift the plates off? I'm always curious about these things.

Hervey Allen told me that his publisher took him down to the printer's to see the book actually flapping on the press. That is a thrill a writer never forgets.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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SIX REASONS FOR READING

Gertrude Stein's *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*

BERNARD FAŸ, *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

"There has never been a more entertaining and more easy walk through life than this book . . . I could add many many things. But they really do not matter very much; only the book matters and the life in the book; there is so much life in it that it is the fullest and gayest book I have read for many years."

LOUIS BROMFIELD, *N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

"More than any other book I ever read, I *lived* this book, page by page, sentence by sentence, through twenty-five years. I think that this will be the experience of nearly every reader . . . It is a historical event in American writing, as well as in the history of modern art."

HERBERT GORMAN, *N. Y. Evening Post.*

"It reveals that Gertrude Stein is an important and lasting influence on modern English writers, that she is an atmosphere and an impulse and a beginning . . . "

HARRY HANSEN, *N. Y. World-Telegram.*

"This book is a remarkable phenomenon. Its frankness is appealing; its very honesty is something rarely attained."

WILLIAM TROY, *Nation.*

"Among books of literary reminiscences Miss Stein's is one of the richest, wittiest, and most irreverent ever written."

FANNY BUTCHER, *Chicago Tribune.*

"No book that I have read for months has given me the sheer pleasure that this has . . . It is all-stimulating to the mind of the reader . . . any reader. He need only float in the vivifying tangy words to be refreshed and involuntarily surer about the importance of creative art."

SEPTEMBER SELECTION OF THE LITERARY GUILD

At bookstores, $3.50

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY

383 Madison Avenue New York

Tragic Hero

RICHARD OF BORDEAUX, a Play in Two Acts. By Gordon Daviot. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by JOHN MASON BROWN

AN outstanding success of London's last season, and one of the most promising scripts announced for production in New York this winter, Mr. Daviot's "Richard of Bordeaux" is a poignant and arresting portrait of that luckless son of the Black Prince who served Shakespeare as his tragic hero in "Richard II." Though he has turned to history for his materials, Mr. Daviot has succeeded in avoiding the stencils used by most English historical dramatists. Instead of aping Shakespeare or Shaw, or the routine pageant-master episodes of Drinkwater, he has written a straightforward and intensely alive drama in prose that is colloquial without being slangy. He has, moreover, proven himself exceptionally shrewd in sensing and developing what is dramatic in his subject.

His Richard is a man born before his time; a dreamer who, in a warlike age, centers his hopes on peace, particularly with France. He is an unpopular king; too young when the play begins to be more than a pawn in the hands of his contemptuous uncles, and too headstrong, as it advances, to master the tactics of government. His major fight is against himself. But his conquest is his own undoing. When, early in his reign, he is made a virtual prisoner by his kinsmen, he decides to bide his time and gain by strategy what he cannot take by force. Though he has his revenge on his enemies, his taste of power leads him to destruction.

Mr. Daviot follows the varying fortunes of his undisciplined king over a period of twelve years in twelve scenes that are admirable in their simplicity. He begins his drama before Shakespeare does his, and gains by doing so. His incidents are deeply affecting, and fortunately free of the dust and pomposity which are the curse of historical dramas. One misses Shakespeare's language, of course. But for modern audiences Mr. Daviot offers compensations of his own.

John Mason Brown is dramatic critic of the New York Evening Post.

Beautiful Expression

AESTHETIC MEASURE. By George D. Birkhoff. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1933. $7.50.

Reviewed by DAVID STANLEY SMITH

BEAUTY is always a matter of mystery; it is intuitively sensed. But from Plato's time attempts have been made to give it rational explanation. The attempts, however unsuccessful their outcome, are justified on the ground that there must be something in our sure impressions of beauty that yields to analysis and compression within a formula. The simple answer "because" does not satisfy an inquiring scientific age. "Aesthetic Measure" is an application of an exact formula to certain forms of art, and presents a set of values on this and that polygon, vase, musical progression, or line of verse, a value expressed not in statements of personal preference, but actually given a "mark." The opening of "Kubla Khan" gets a mark of 83, lines from "The Bells," 57. For fear of giving a false idea of the author's intention, it should immediately be added that these marks refer only to the measure of agreeableness of sound. The author over and over makes disclaimers of any attempt to evaluate a work as its elements of order may be significant or "connotative," to use a favorite word of his. No one will accuse Mr. Birkhoff of pressing his theory beyond its strength. On the contrary, his appraisal of the beautiful loses much of its authority from the fact that the probing does no more than to make tiny scratches on the surface of the subject.

In assigning values to simple geometrical patterns of tiled floors or sculptural decorations the author succeeds admirably and interests the reader. His theory could hardly fail here, for all are agreed that simplicity, symmetry, and easily recognized proportions make for beauty. And in his study of vase forms he is on solid ground. If the color of a vase be abstracted, only form is left, and so the vase may be measured with profit. It would be an interesting task for Mr. Birkhoff to apply his own formula to the same vases as have been measured by Jay Hambidge in accordance with the very complex system known as "dynamic symmetry," in order to find whether the two sets of ideas meet on common ground. If it should turn out that certain classic masterpieces of vase-making are proven beautiful by Hambidge but unsatisfactory by Birkhoff, or that some fall neatly into Hambidge's "rectangle of the whirling squares" while others into Birkhoff's "M = O over C," or that still others are obedient to no obvious mathematical scheme, we would have a strife of systems that might shake our faith in any attempt at all to capture the hidden wisdom of beauty.

Since music and poetry are milder arts than the ceramic art they are poorer material for a theory in which simplicity of line and static symmetry are the main touchstones. The reader may find the chapters on music particularly hard going, and, if he is trained in music theory, not entirely accurate. The ground covered is so limited a plot compared with the whole field of music as hardly to warrant so complex a survey. One chapter is devoted to a study of the single chord, another to the progression of one chord to another in the major mode, still a third to notes in a simple melodic line—and that is all. Incidentally it may be remarked that many of the ratings given to the chord progressions are debatable, at least as they strike the musician, and not a few of the progressions bear too high a mark, not because they are basically unsatisfactory but because they are worked out by the author in unfavorable or rarely used positions.

Is the work of art beautiful because it fits one or another mathematical scheme, or is the scheme beautiful because it fits the work of art? The answer lies in the fact that, with the possible exception of certain ancient decorative devices and pieces of pottery, the work of art has always arrived on the scene in advance of the theorist. The music composers of any period erect by common effort an apparatus of harmony that comes to be generally accepted as beautiful. Then on their trail enter the theorists, who supply the wisdom after the event. An art that builds itself on its own preconceived theories, like much modern art, is sterile. In order to square theory with fact the theorist may have to resort to arbitrary assumptions. In "Aesthetic Measure" there are many of these. An example is the specially high rating bestowed on the major triad by reason of its "brightness." Why not the minor triad by reason of its wistfulness?

This is not to say that scientific analysis of the arts is useless. Indeed, rationalizing the intuitions of genius is helpful, especially for people whose taste for the details of beautiful expression needs oversight. Modern art puts so much stress on personality and freshness and on vigor without balance as to need the restraining touch of the formalist.

It is to be hoped that the work being done by Mr. Birkhoff is but the groundbreaker for more extensive investigations. In their present stage they are incomplete, particularly in their dealings with music and poetry. Mr. Birkhoff may be able to devise a formula elastic enough to embrace at least such aspects of the free arts as glance towards mathematics, and the practical range of his type of survey may be wider than he has indicated. The calculations of the figure expert, by virtue of their fighting off romantic considerations, are potentially helpful to music and painting. Perhaps the discipline of the measuring rod will be a useful agent in restoring the arts to their former estate when men knew and achieved perfection.

David Stanley Smith is Battell professor of music at Yale University, conductor of the New Haven Symphony Orchestra, and a composer of symphonic, chamber, and church music.

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The Federal Reserve

THE FEDERAL RESERVE ACT: Its Origins and Problems. By J. Laurence Laughlin. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by LAURENCE WILKINSON

NEITHER in content nor in presentation does Professor Laughlin's book attain the standard which would be expected from so eminent an authority upon the theory and practice of banking. The first section of the book, "Origins," contains material which will undoubtedly be welcomed in post-graduate seminars studying the Federal Reserve System, and the evidence therein contained will throw many useful sidelights upon the personalities and politics involved in the development of the Federal Reserve Act. But for the lay reader, the endlessly repetitious discussions of the relative importance of the contributions of Laughlin, H. Parker Willis, Carter Glass, Woodrow Wilson, Bryan, *et al.*, will be of dubious interest.

Both Mr. Willis and Mr. Glass have published works covering this ground, and Professor Laughlin seems basically to be motivated by a desire to prove that these gentlemen have, whether intentionally or not, either forgotten or misconstrued the various activities of Laughlin and the National Citizens League for the Promotion of a Sound Banking System, of whose Executive Committee he was Chairman. The evident sincerity of the author, coupled with extensive documentation in the form of letters from his files, leads one to believe that rather less than justice was done him in the writings of Glass and Willis.

It is a pleasure to report that the personal bitterness almost invariably found in such efforts at self justification is quite lacking in this book. It is true that the author is hardly flattering in his evaluation of the economic training of many of the men who took part in framing the Reserve Act, but he is quick to recognize the importance of their contributions in the political manœuvres necessary to its passage. Of Wilson he says:

> In a matter like banking reform, with which he had no close acquaintance, he allowed himself no confidants, and was always on the watch for traps. Although a student of political science, and more especially of history (in which he did not achieve distinction, nor a reputation for thoroughness), he did not possess any real training in the field of economics, which included money, credit, and prices.
>
> It remains clear that Mr. Wilson kept his hand on the wheel and influenced the actual character of the legislation which passed the House. In short, he guided the bill through critical stages and deserved credit for its character and success.

The last section of the book, dealing with the problems of the depression period 1929-33, is poorly organized and again too repetitious. The principal contention is that overproduction, maladjustment of costs and wages, speculation, and bad loans, caused the collapse of our American economy, and any effort "to charge the collapse on monetary causes is to put the cart before the horse; it is shallow thinking." The author deals shortly and decisively with Cassel, Keynes, Salter, and Irving Fisher, whose plans for recovery from the depression are all predicated upon monetary measures and reforms. "The true way to restore prices is to establish a stable standard free from all governmental manipulation and causes of fear, and leave producers to the normal causes of prices based on costs and free exchange."

An artificial expansion of credit in the expectation that it will bring a rise of prices in its wake is the particular object of Professor Laughlin's scorn and contumely. He interprets agitation for such an expansion as an indication of the revival of the old fallacy that "prices had fallen because money had become scarce," and he reiterates a dozen times "credit follows the volume of trade, but it is not true that trade follows the volume of credit." "It is not a thing to be created by an official command . . . it cannot be artificially stimulated by political operations."

This would seem to imply that the author had overlooked an important exception to his rule, namely, large credit expansion through Government borrowings, but since in the last paragraph of his book he warns against "a tendency by untrained politicians to offer enormous issues of government securities . . . just when we are critically short of reserves with which to pay" we are almost forced to conclude that the omission was deliberately made, in order not to upset one of the main theses of the book.

* *

Laurence Wilkinson was formerly an officer of the Marine Midland Trust Co.

Legendless Amherst

LORD JEFFERY AMHERST. By J. C. Long. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1933. $4.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

MILITARY fame is very capricious. General Amherst, as commander-in-chief of the British forces during the French and Indian War, was indubitably responsible for the conquest of Canada, both by reason of his admirable planning and of his active personal participation in the campaigns. Yet it is not he who has received the glory. He did not die heroically on the Heights of Abraham; his victories, of tremendous strategic importance, were not spectacular; and at the close of the war he did not return to England for the usual triumph, but unwillingly lingered on in America to carry out the King's policies. When at last he was recalled, it was only to find that his friends were no longer politically powerful, and that the day for full rewards had passed. The remainder of his career was not, however, undistinguished. By dint of much persistence on his own part he was given a peerage. He served in the cabinet, was commander-in-chief of the home forces, behaved splendidly in face of the Gordon Riots, and became finally a field-marshal. But the popular fame of a great conqueror never came to him, and after his death in 1797 he was soon forgotten. In America a mere chance has kept his name but not his personality alive. At the time of his victories a little town in Massachusetts called itself Amherst, and when later a college was founded there, it too was called Amherst. The college has flourished and grown famous, and its dashing song has kept Lord Jeffery Amherst from complete oblivion.

Mr. Long, a son of the college, has now produced a biography which may do something to freshen the General's military laurels. The present Lord Amherst has put at his disposal a vast number of hitherto unexamined documents, chests full of Jeffery's papers, and with the aid of these materials Mr. Long has been able to present the story with a fulness and clarity that other biographers have not approached. He does not underestimate Amherst's ability as a soldier, but he gives always excellent evidence for his judgments, and from the very careful scrutiny to which he subjects him the General rises with all honor—a striking example of the painstaking, methodical, uninspired, thoroughly capable, and thoroughly British warrior.

In dealing with this public side of Amherst's life Mr. Long is the scrupulous and, very occasionally, the dull historian. With the private life, however, he is never dull, for with the assistance again of many new documents, mainly a long correspondence between Jeffery and his none too sympathetic first wife, he builds up a very complete and convincing character study of his subject. From this analysis, too, Amherst emerges happily as a man, but not as a hero. He was at bottom a plain, plodding, kindly individual, honest and just, slow and sometimes a bit thick-headed, devoted to duty and to his own deserved advancement. As a gentleman he was superb, the real right thing, but he had none of the verve and the fire of the Wolfes and the Nelsons, none of the little romantic weaknesses around which legends, necessary to lasting popular fame, can weave themselves. That is why, perhaps, his name has grown so dim—except among the collegians who sing the song that is so remote from him as scarcely to constitute a respectable legend.

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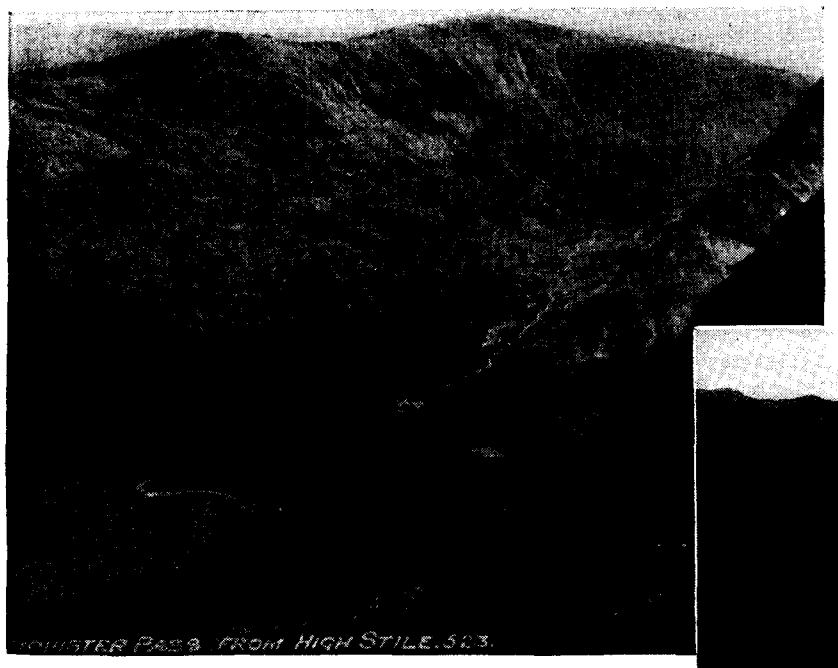

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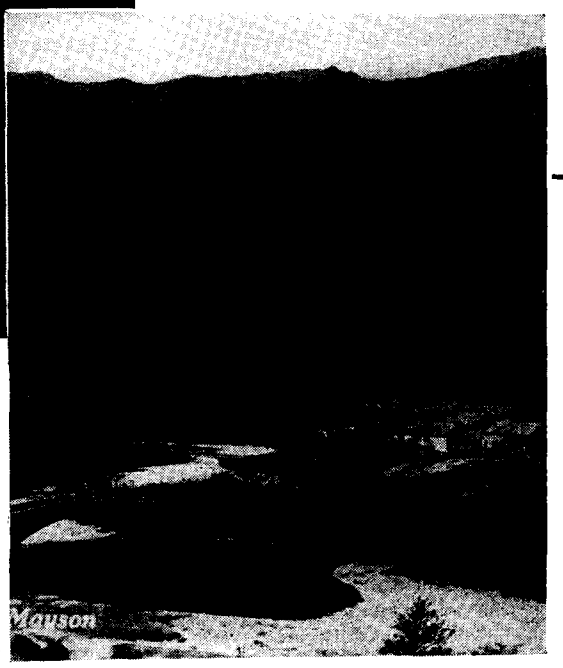

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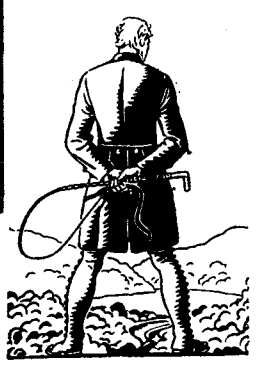
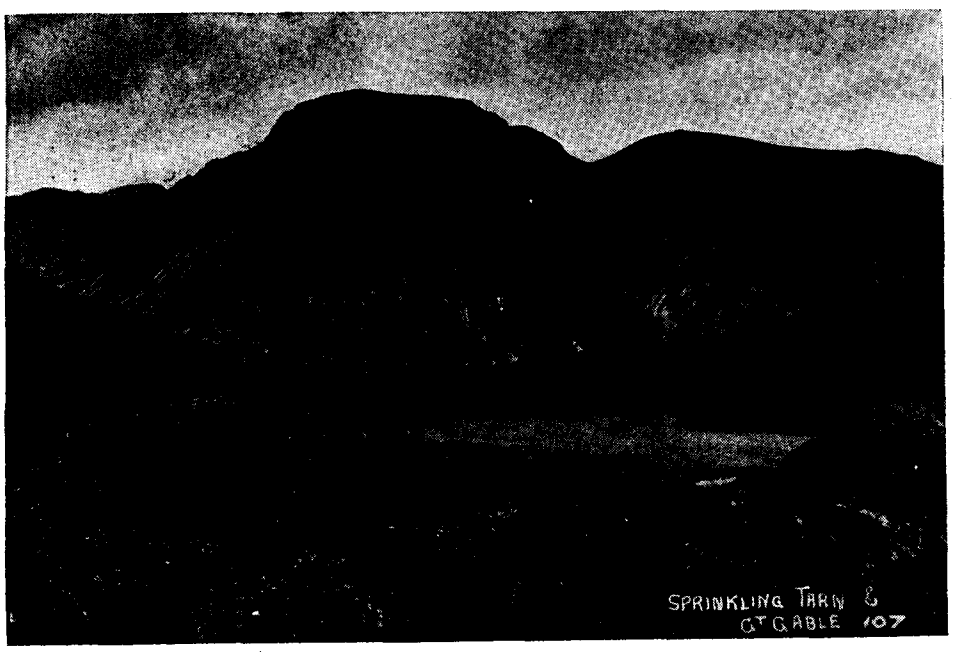
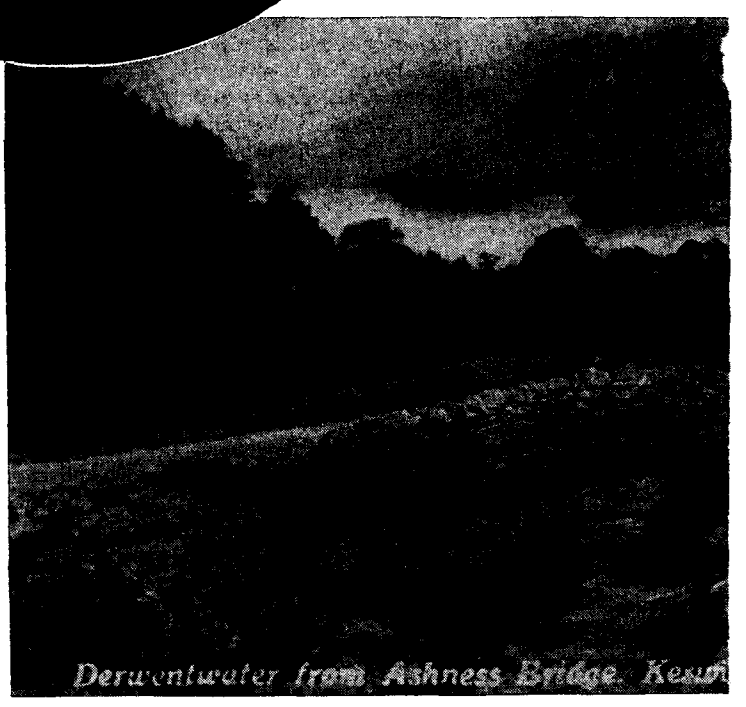


A street in Caldbeck. David Herries had a prosperous farm here while living at Uldale.

Hugh Walpole, Herries Chronic "Bir

Here David fought with Denburn. . . . "He lifted him from his feet, raised him in the air, turned staggering with him, and flung him into the Tarn."





Ashness Bridge, Keswick. Judith Paris travelled this road in he Benjie Herries believed it was here under Skiddaw that the gr shepherds, squires and parsons,

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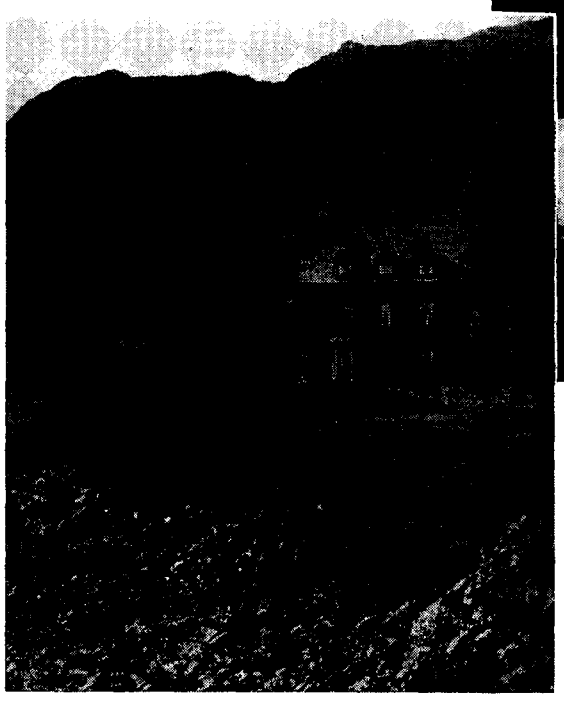
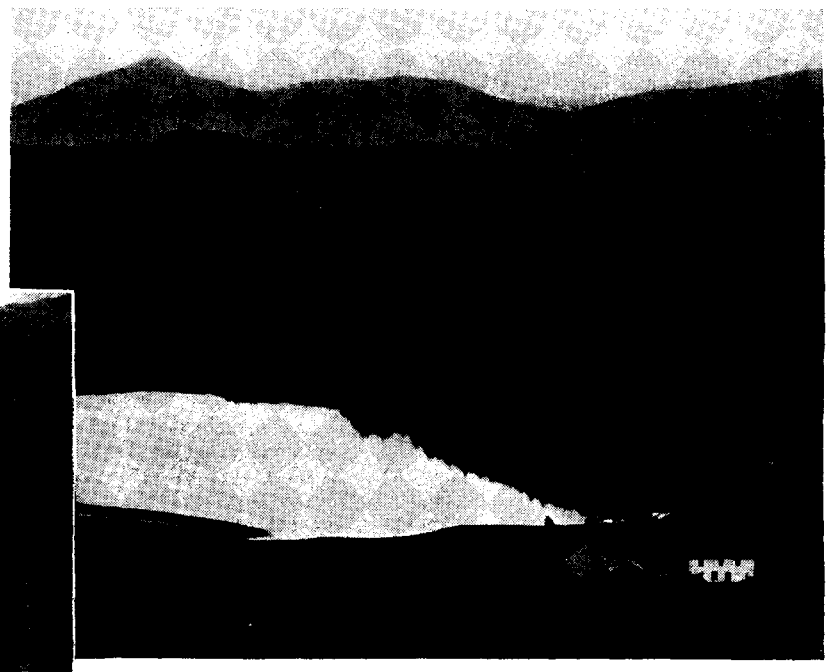
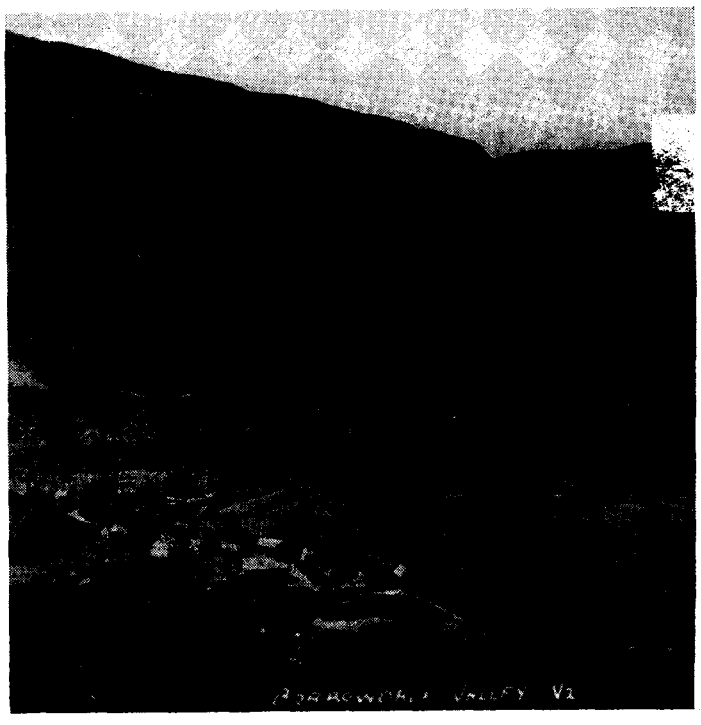
author of The le, with his dog go."



When Sally, modern of moderns and great-granddaughter of Judith Paris, visited Cumberland from London, she stayed at the Zanazzi house.

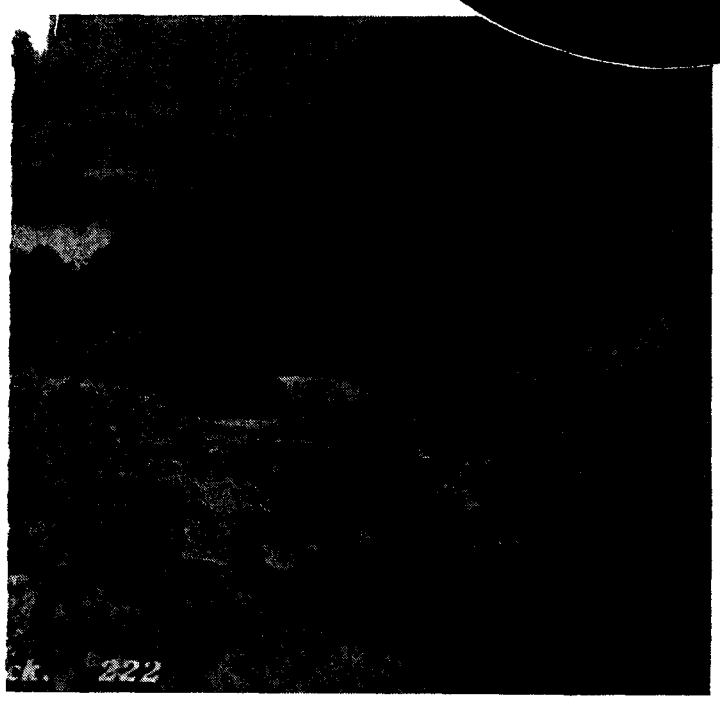


The white stone house in the lower right corner is Judith Paris' home at Watendlath. Our picture shows the tortuous path to Rosthwaite, which Judith followed when visiting her father's house.



This is Grange in Borrowdale, showing Grange Village, Adams' house, Mrs. Zanazzi's house, and Mr. Walpole's own home.

View from "The Fortress." "So small is the extent of this country that the sweep of the Eagle's wings caresses all of it, yet there is no ground in the world more mysterious . . . so gentle and pastoral, so wild and lonely . . ."



r most stormily romantic years . . . while long after, young eat ghost comrades of Cumberland gathered — farmers and in a hall, underground. . . .

"The Fortress." Some said you could still hear Uhland tap-tapping up to his turret room, others that Old Rogue's spirit caroused on the moors. . . .

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The Conduct of Life

ETHICS. By Nicoli Hartmann. New York: The Macmillan Co. Vol. I—Moral Phenomena. $3.50; *Vol. II—Moral Values,* $5. *Vol. III—Moral Freedom.* $2.50.

ETHICAL RELATIVITY. By Edward Westermarck. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.75.

Reviewed by ERNEST NAGEL

PHILOSOPHERS professing idealism in metaphysics, and extreme rationalism in method, not infrequently make valuable analyses of what is generally acknowledged as empirical subject matter. On the other hand, the writings of most champions of naturalism and empirical methods are usually a series of polemics, sadly lacking in careful studies of concrete subject matter. It is an irony of intellectual history that this is so, and these two books again illustrate the familiar situation. Hartmann's treatise is written from the point of view of traditional rationalism, according to which ethical principles may be rationally demonstrated without appeal to fact. Westermarck, on the other hand, approaches ethics from the side of anthropology and psychology, so that empirical considerations are of first importance for him. The two books represent opposite poles of ethical thought.

However, in spite of the fact that the general conclusions and methods of Hartmann are untenable and that the general tendency of Westermarck's thesis of ethical relativity is sound, it is Hartmann who makes brilliant contributions to the analysis of ethical phenomena, while Westermarck is merely polemical, valuable only for his criticisms of opposing theories. Readers of these volumes must, therefore, perform for themselves a genuine philosophic task. They must extract the ore of ethical insight from the slag of these opposing theories in order to fashion it into an adequate unified philosophy of ethics.

Hartmann's three volume work is a translation from the German. The work was projected when the author was in the trenches on the eastern front, and was published in 1926. Hartmann teaches philosophy at Berlin. His greatest debt here is to Husserl and his disciples, to Nietzsche, and to Aristotle. His thesis is stated early and colors everything subsequent to it. Ethical values, according to it, constitute a self-subsistent realm, which men may discover but never create, and whose being is independent of the facts of life. Ethical principles are absolute, eternally true for every one at all times, like truths of mathematics. Values form, therefore, a pattern in the ethical ideal sphere having its own strutcures; they may become actualized, but their subsistence does not depend on their being fulfilled in existence.

Nevertheless, this thesis, which is developed in the first volume, is the least valuable portion of the work. The second volume studies in detail specific values, analyzes their interrelations, and discusses a scale of values and the criteria by means of which the position of a value in the scale can be estimated. It also includes a remarkable study of the range and the mutual limitation of different specific ethical ideals. It is this volume which will be of chief interest to the general reader. The third volume is devoted to the question of human freedom. Hartmann shows conclusively that attempts to base freedom upon physical contingency, like the ludicrous ones of Eddington and company, are silly, and at the same time that any form of cosmic teleology makes nonsense of the claim to freedom. His conclusion is that freedom is necessary for ethics, and that it is a unique character of human actions which arises from the self-determination of the human individual. In sum, Hartmann's treatise is a fusion of the Kantian notion of the apriorism of moral law, with Nietzsche's manifoldness of values. The result is a sophisticated restatement of a Platonic statement of ethics.

Westermarck's writings are well known in America. Formerly professor of sociology at London, he is at present teaching philosophy in Abo (Finland). The present book's contents appeared many years ago in "The Origin and Development of Moral Ideas." All those anthropological references which made "The Origin" a monument of learning have been eliminated. The thesis of the earlier book is restated, partly by polemical attacks against various forms of absolutism, and partly by a presentation of the psychological foundations of ethical relativism.

Westermarck's thesis is that moral ideas are grounded in the emotions of resentment and gratitude. Ethical values are therefore considered relative to certain sentiments of human beings. For example, the concepts of right and wrong are based by Westermarck on emotions of approval and disapproval; these emotions are designated as retributive because they are reactive attitudes, friendly or hostile, toward a living being regarded as the cause of pleasure or pain.

That nothing is good intrinsically, apart from some organic interest, is a common feature of all naturalistic ethics. Such an ethics is inevitably relativistic in some measure. However, Westermarck's relativism is inadequate. He is almost exclusively preoccupied with psychology, where psychology is regarded as dealing with events that are entirely subcutaneous. He therefore locates the source of morals in emotions discovered by introspection, rather than in the social medium within which emotions and ideas grow.

The issues of absolutism and relativism are not merely academic. A recognition of the relativity of moral values is a condition for tolerance of those who differ from us. It also fosters insight that the moral life cannot be lived by a mechanical application of principles, that it is full of risks, and that it demands critical cultivation. A sound ethics must do justice to aspects of each of the opposing theories developed in the books under review. It is true beyond doubt that we require principles in ethical behavior and that the worth of an action must be decided by appealing to rules of varying degrees of universality. But these principles are not self-evident. They must be entertained as hypotheses, modified or abandoned if need be, in the interest of coördinating our natural impulses. A reflective ethics, like the sciences, must steer between the extremes of a crass empiricism and a dogmatic absolutism of principles. It is one of the misfortunes of mankind that the hypothetical-experimental method of the sciences is not applied to ethical issues more frequently, and that an outmoded conception of scientific method is so often substituted for it.

Religion and the Word

IS CHRIST POSSIBLE? By Philip Whitwell Wilson (P. W. W.). New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.75.

Reviewed by BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

THE value of any book on religion is directly porportioned to the understanding of the author about what religion is, an understanding and appreciation of what is meant by inner and intuitive contact with God. To those who have felt a contact with the Infinite, there is no argument against religion that carries any weight; and those who have not felt such contact are unmoved by arguments in favor of religion. Not that there is no science of religion. There is, of course; but it is as meaningless to the unreligious as a science of music is to the tone-deaf, or a science of painting to the color-blind. Mr. Wilson knows this well, and spends no time arguing with the impercipient. He understands that the irreligious are exceptional people and perhaps to be pitied rather than censured. His book is not an exercise in Christian evidences, but a presentation of the Christ whom he knows, as a possible solution—he thinks the only possible solution—of those problems which involve our near-collapse. "The aim," he says, "has not been to prove a point or assert a view. It has been to reveal an infinite Love." And again, "After knowing something of success and failure, of prosperity and depression, I can say from experience that he who stakes his life on Jesus of Nazareth, will never have reason to regret it."

It is partly the author's life which makes his testimony significant. P. W. W. has seen a good deal of this world. He is one of the half-dozen leading journalists of our day. In three continents and for a quarter-century, his utterances on matters political, literary, and economic, have been read with respect; nor has he been merely an observer. Furthermore, he is no sentimentalist and no bigot. It is a keen man of letters and a shrewd man of the world who has in this book borne his witness to his God. It is to such a man that Christianity seems not merely a religion but a life wholly owned by and devoted to Jesus, Incarnate Love—the only life worth trying to lead and the only life which can survive.

The book also profits by the author's expertness with language. He is brilliant without effort, clear without becoming common. And, like every competent writer on religion, he understands man as well as God—as, for instance, when he remarks, quite casually and incidentally, that the ultimate sin of Judas Iscariot lay not in his betrayal of Jesus but in his not asking to be forgiven. One short paragraph, toward the end, needs quoting, because it says very pungently what needs saying:

> Many have been the errors of the Churches. None of us as individuals love as we ought. But we may ask what in scepticism, can compare with the achievement of faith? What Zion has the sceptic reared to heaven? What songs has he sung in his Zion? With what pictures are his altars radiant? With what liberty does he permit the mind to think? How high does he look above the horizon of the material? In the great alternative to the Christian Church, the Russian Commune, these questions are receiving their answer. In the Commune there is no Twenty-third Psalm; there is no Lord's Prayer; there is everything except Christ.

Everything except Love, which, Mr. Wilson thinks, is all that really matters. This is a brave, honest and beautiful book. It was needed.

* *

Bernard Iddings Bell was until recently Warden of St. Stephen's College, and is professor of religion at Columbia University.

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Magic In the Indies

VOODOOS AND OBEAHS. By Joseph J. Williams. New York: The Dial Press. $3.

Reviewed by WILFRID DYSON HAMBLY

MR. WILLIAMS has here essayed the task of making a cultural and historical study of the major spiritual beliefs of Negroes in Haiti and Jamaica .That these beliefs and practices have, and do today enter into the lives of New World Negroes in Guiana, the Southern States, and the West Indies we need not doubt. Indeed, of the tenacity of cultural elements, especially those of a spiritual kind, there is ample evidence. In the Wellcome Historical Museum, London, for instance, is a folklore exhibit including a bullock's heart pierced with nails, a sample of the old-time method of injuring an enemy; cures for rheumatism, and samples of love potions, all collected in rural districts of the British Isles, and most of them not more than fifty years old. In Portuguese West Africa, near Cacanda, where a Christian mission has been established for centuries I myself found an old medicine-man secreting in his basket a human bone (tibia), a hoe-blade for digging up graves, a stone for pounding the bones, and medicine horns containing fat along with charcoal and pounded bone. In Nigeria, and only just outside an administrative post, natives were accused of human sacrifice to obtain blood for fertilizing the ground.

Ethnologists, of course, are prepared to consider, and perhaps on occasions even to believe in survivals of a startling kind. They are confronted, however, as Dr. Williams rightly states, with the problem of what is to be accepted as evidence. Obviously, despite a natural predilection in favor of trained scientists, the contributions of travelers are not always to be ignored. A case in point is that of Andrew Battel. Students interested in Portuguese West Africa quote liberally from him when describing native life in Angola about the year 1600. And who was he? Battel was a sailor, shipwrecked in Brazil, captured by Portuguese, and brought across the Atlantic to the Portuguese kingdom of Angola whence he escaped, who after eighteen years of wandering returned to his native town of Leigh, England. There his friend the Rev. Samuel Purchase wrote down his experiences in a narrative the details of which have been checked against the observations of later travellers and whose simplicity bears the stamp of truth.

The first chapters of Dr. Williams's book are devoted to consideration of African ophiolotry and the serpent worship of Whydah. Such analysis, together with the general spiritual background of Negroes in Dahomey and Ashanti, forms a logical prelude to the study of survivals in the New World. Perhaps in this connection the author has not sufficiently emphasized the complexity of belief among African Negroes. No one can doubt that among the Negroes of the New World processes of degeneration, substitution, and accretion from other religions have been operative, as they have everywhere, but these social processes are not entirely responsible for the complexity of belief and practice among West Indian Negroes today—the philosophy and ritual of Negro religion are inherently complex. This thought occurs again in reading Dr. Williams's chapters on "Voodoo in Haiti" and "Development of Obeah in Jamaica." Negroes of Africa today preserve distinctions between social magic which works for beneficient ends such as rainmaking and prevention of disease, and on the other hand anti-social magic which brings a curse of sterility, a witholding of rain, or a bodily affliction. In Angola, at the present time the *nganga* is the evil wizard, while the legitimate medicine man is the *ocimbanda*, and an analogous distinction is made in all African Negro tribes. But though in practice the distinction is made, and the legitimate practitioner is responsible for smelling out the wizard, the philosophical background of magic is a debatable field in which the connotation of terms is not clear. Thus a substance may be used socially or anti-socially, and one individual may have a dual aspect as Dr. Williams points out for Jamaica. The complexity and apparent contradiction of ideas and functions is not necessarily due to devolution but to an abstruse background which is inherent in African magic and religion.

When Dr. Williams was examining the validity of reports concerning voodoo rites, including alleged cannibalism and human sacrifice, he could have made his criticism more penetrating by emphasizing psychological studies of the working of minds in the mass, especially when actuated by fear. Detailed examinations have been made concerning alarming rumors which have been traced to their source, and carefully followed through the processes of accretion, until the final story bears little resemblance to the nature and magnitude of the original, and so, no doubt, it has been with tales of voodooism and obeahs.

With the historical aspect of the problem the author grapples in detail, but I gather that the functional aspect is beyond the scope of his work. Yet we have a definite and urgent problem affecting racial contacts, a problem which is no less urgent in Africa than it is in the New World. Under European or American administration Negroes are socially inferior, and denied the power of coöperation they become introvert, that is they develop a race consciousness, and fall back, clandestinely if necessary, on their own philosophy and religion. How is an adjustment to be made? At present no satisfactory answer is forthcoming, but presumably the solution lies in improved education, amelioration of economic and physical conditions, and a consequent abrogation of the social barriers which now exist, an abrogation, which, by the way, does not imply physical miscegenation.

On the whole, Dr. Williams keeps his own critical personality too much in reserve, and is too dependent on long verbatim quotations, which are sometimes corroborative and at times on the contrary, conflicting. An investigator who essays a work of compilation is in the position of a court judge who cannot evade the summing up and the sentence, much as he might wish to do so. I do not wish to imply that Dr. Williams gives no conclusions, but the actual verdicts, historical and cultural, he renders bulk small in relation to the mass of carefully detailed evidence he presents. His book, however, is a valuable summary, even though it is an indication of investigation that needs to be done rather than a survey of what has been successfully accomplished. The bibliography is adequate and the index good.

Wilfrid D. Hambly is assistant curator of African Ethnology at the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago.

Mohawk Loyalists

WAR OUT OF NIAGARA: Walter Butler and the Tory Rangers. By Howard Swiggett. New York: Columbia University Press. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR POUND

THIS volume is the first publication in what promises to be a notable series on New York history through the fruitful collaboration of the Columbia University Press and the New York State Historical Association, under the competent editorship of Dr. Dixon Ryan Fox, professor of American history at the University and the Association's president. In all the aspects of book-making it is worthy of its distinguished sponsorship, and constitutes an earnest effort to present one of the most controversial phases of New York history without the usual bias of chauvinism.

After the leading Loyalists of the Mohawk valley had been driven to Canada and Burgoyne had failed to break through the frontier defenses of the new State, the more vigorous among the Loyalists rallied to the British garrison at Niagara raiding from that base the patriot settlements to the eastward. Active in their leadership was Walter Butler, second to his father in command of Butler's Rangers, a talented youth grown hard in a relentless school of war. As a background for this shadowy and mysterious figure, chiefly known in American history as the leader of the Cherry Valley massacre, Mr. Swiggett has seen fit to present his picture of the times.

The biographical method often clarifies historic scenes; that it is hardly successful in this case is due, not to any lack of loving care on the author's part, but rather to the relative dearth of Walter Butler material and a certain lack of appeal in his character. Mr. Swiggett proves, quite substantially, that Butler was a maligned man who ill deserves his evil repute, but even the most sympathetic reader will be moved to ask, "What of it?" Butler cannot be brought alive with sufficient intensity to make either his fate or his courses of burning importance.

To hang the moving story of the Loyalist-Patriot struggle in Western New York so completely on one person seems to confound the case. Mr. Swiggett has been under the painful necessity of making all manner of suppositions in order to preserve even a hazy continuity of individual activity. These so frequent surmises may be all fair and logical deductions from demonstrable facts, yet their multiplicity creates a thin atmosphere over what is, in truth, a thoroughly commendable piece of research in a field too little known. Moreover, although the book is well written and the material skilfully handled, the author shows perhaps too much zeal in quoting from sources, as if under compulsion to make the most of every bit of his scant material.

Perhaps with less labor, and certainly with greater effect, Mr. Swiggett, one feels sure, could have written a superior book if he had seen fit to attack his material from the standpoint of interpretative history, forgetting Walter Butler except as one of many actors, and doing the history of those stirring times and scenes as a broad canvas of conflicting ideas and meaningful social movements. The latter are not neglected in this book, but their presentation suffers from too direct aim at a target which, after all, is relatively inconsequential.

Arthur Pound, who has been a journalist and editor, is the author, among several other books, of "Johnson of the Mohawks."

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The New Books

Art

SWEDISH ART. By Johnny Roosval. Princeton University Press. $10.

The publication of Professor Roosval's book is witness to the growing realization of the great significance of the Swedish contribution to the general picture of European art. It is only within the last generation that scholars have established medieval Spanish art in its proper position as an integral and important part of the esthetic development of our race, and Sweden is now proving the next country to be added to our survey. Together with the rest of the Scandinavian domain, Norway and Denmark, it may well become the *Kuntsland* of the immediate future—the region of Europe that will chiefly occupy the attention of scholars and perhaps provide the solution to certain problems in the evolution of architecture, sculpture, and painting. The cultured public is alive to the leading role that Sweden is playing in the creation of modern architecture and in the modern minor arts, but small indeed is the number of those who have as yet familiarized themselves with the extensive and distinguished artistic productions of the country in the Middle Ages and Renaissance.

Professor Roosval is one of the principal members of a group of Swedish scholars who have recently devoted themselves to the scientific elucidation of the history of Swedish art and to ensconcing it in its general European setting. The clear, succinct, and comprehensive incorporation of the results of this research in the volume now under review will supply English readers with a very adequate knowledge of the subject. It is only to be regretted that, as a publication of eight lectures delivered by him in Princeton in 1929, the book is so limited in space that the author is obliged to omit a discussion of the Swedish expression of the rococo and neoclassic styles and is thus prevented from producing a completely inclusive manual upon the art of his nation. Not overburdened by his broad and detailed erudition, Professor Roosval condenses skilfully, defines the successive phases of Swedish art lucidly, frequently introduces illuminating summaries, knows how to make his exposition piquant, and writes in fluent English. His work is not, like so much French criticism, distorted by chauvinism, but he never fails to give suitable stress to those aspects of art in which Scandinavia rises to signal importance, as in its medieval wooden architecture and sculpture and in its plenitude of Romanesque and Gothic frescoes. The captious student may naturally now and then take exception to his theories, as in his attempt to discern the influence of the Italian Renaissance in the superb and celebrated statue of St. George by Bernt Notke, which seems to the reviewer to contain nothing that cannot be explained by the developments within the boundaries of late Gothic sculpture in northern Europe. One might wish also that he had emphasized in Swedish mural painting the curious persistence, to a very late date, of Courajod's "international style" of the first half of the fifteenth century. Such strictures, however, are mere hairsplitting; and the reader's general and ultimate feeling is one of gratitude for an introduction to Swedish art that unites learning with charm of presentation.

CHANDLER R. POST.

Biography

THE CRIMSON JESTER. Zapata of Mexico. By H. H. Dunn. McBride. 1933. $3.

Nick Carter's adventures and literary style were tame compared with those of Mr. Dunn. Correspondent in Mexico for a chain of American newspapers and acting at the same time, so it would appear, as a sort of secret-service agent for the Porfirio Diaz government and as a go-between for groups revolting against it, he now dates his foreword from Hollywood. Possibly the ex-newspaper man is now a scenario writer there. His narrative might be described as super-Hollywood.

He begins with a cablegram about timber prospecting, which was really a request to investigate Zapata's strength. "It was a simple code," says Mr. Dunn, known only to the cable editor of a New York newspaper and myself. It was used constantly for more than five years, yet it never was deciphered by any of half a dozen governments of Mexico." Accompanied by his faithful Yaqui side-kick, Mr. Dunn dived into the awful unknown.

After hair-raising adventures, he was brought into Zapata's lair. Less fortunate prisoners are shot out of hand, or lugged off, smeared with wild honey, to be staked down on top of ant-hills to meet a slow and horrible death. Naked virgins are herded into Zapata's presence and served out to his men like so many tots of rum to old-fashioned foremast sailors. Mr. Dunn himself gets one but throws his blanket about the girl and surreptitiously saves her.

In the events which follow, Mr. Dunn is torn somewhat between his appetite for raw meat and the romantic need of making himself a sort of blood-brother to Zapata. He ends, indeed, with a rather sane estimate of the really significant influence of this wild man in helping to break down the feudal conditions of pre-revolutionary Mexico. Much of his narrative, detached from the purple verbiage in which all of it is couched, is doubtless fact. But no reader can be asked to accept seriously, either as history or biography, a story so persistently and luridly melodramatic.

MUSIC MASTERS IN MINIATURE. By George C. Jell. Scribners. New Edition. 1933. $2.

The foreword announces the intention of this book to serve as an introduction to existing full-length musical biographies. One may well ask then why it does not carry a bibliography. That would be more useful than the mixture of romanticized fact and legendary anecdote which Mr. Jell has been satisfied to assemble. One may also ask what was the purpose of reprinting this book without (a) correcting the numerous mistakes, and (b) bringing the accounts of contemporary composers beyond 1916.

Economics

THE WAY OUT: WHAT LIES AHEAD FOR AMERICA. By Upton Sinclair. Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $1.

In this our latest "stress and storm" period it cannot be said that the socialists have done all that might have been expected of them to make themselves heard on issues regarded as their special field. Precious little of an illuminating nature has been said by them on the new economic experiment in this country, for example. Some of their hesitant utterances on the subject even give the impression of dismay, as if inspired by the fear that the New Deal had stolen their thunder. It has remained for Mr. Upton Sinclair, the most brilliant publicist the American socialists have, to try to make up for the failure of his comrades by raising a vigorous voice in exposition of the orthodox doctrine. This exposition takes the form of a series of letters addressed to a capitalist whom the depression has put in the mood for listening to Marxist philosophy.

The best way out of our economic difficulties, according to the author, is to nationalize industry and credit by purchase from the present owners. Mr. Sinclair believes that it is possible to persuade the owning classes to desist from opposing the changes that must come, and in that way mitigate the class struggle. As an example to the capitalists he cites the efforts of King C. Gillette, the inventor of the safety razor, who had worked out a socialist scheme of his own and, calling it "The People's Corporation," urged the wealthy to adopt it voluntarily to avoid a revolution.

In this and in the bourgeois origin of many of the leaders of the so-called strictly revolutionary movements Mr. Sinclair finds a justification for appealing to the brains and conscience of the rich to surrender their privileges as profit-makers and accept instead their rights as citizens of an industrial republic. Such a course, it is claimed, will mean more to them in economic security, comforts, and the exercise of their gifts than the advantages won by them in the competitive struggle.

LOUIS RICH.

MONEY VERSUS MAN. By Frederick Soddy. Dutton. 1933. $1.25.

This volume is among the latest and best works by the most original thinker and founder of the school of "New Economics." This "New Economics" calls itself the science of wealth, not the science of want. It takes its cue from the physical sciences by regarding wealth as a form or product of energy that can be used by man. It holds that in a society governed on scientific principles wealth can be made as required and has nothing to do with such makeshifts as credit and money.

Credit is bank-issued money, and money is a device for transferring ownership without immediate returns for the right to a future repayment in wealth. It is thus a certificate of debt, with everybody accepting it in lieu of the commodities which it represents; and under the prevailing monetary system ownership of existing goods becomes a general lien on the total quantity of the community's present and future wealth.

People buy debts as they buy wealth and make profits on them. Bankers are merchants who trade in debts. By virtue of the fact that they are allowed to issue money in the form of bank credit and charge interest on it they are given a monopoly which results in the whole revenue getting gradually into the hands of usurers, a small portion of the people living as rentiers, and the rest of the population committed to the fate of either robots or objects of charity.

But the wealth of a community can be increased only by production and distribution not by acquisition and exchange. The remedy lies in making money bear the same relation to the revenue of wealth that food tickets bear to the food supply, and serve the same purpose. Fictitious bank credit should be abolished. All loans

(*Continued on page* 120)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CAMPANILE MURDER *Whitman Chambers* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Inquiring reporter solves mysterious killing on top of college carillon, also two other murders, narrowly escaping own demise.	Hard boiled Hammetish affair with blackmail and other extra-curricular activities enlivening life in Halls of Learning.	Thriller
THE CASE OF THE SULKY GIRL *Erle Stanley Gardiner* (Morrow: $2.)	Perry Mason defends gal with terrible temper and proves that murder-as-seen isn't always as-is.	Crackling dialogue, incessant action completely unexpected, and climax in courtroom high points of exciting tale.	Read it
THE TALL HOUSE MYSTERY *A. Fielding* (Kinsey: $2.)	Killing of "Ghost" at house-party brings in Inspector Pointer who follows clues to Monte Carlo and back to amazing climax.	Extra good characterizations, ingenous mixture of cryptograms and "systems," and above-average detective work.	Class-A
BULL'S EYE *Milward Kennedy* (Kinsey: $2.)	Debonair Sir George Bull, private detective extraordinary, helps lady trail philandering husband and runs afoul two clever killings.	Totally unprincipled and enjoyable yarn. Excellent and generally inebriated, sleuthing unearths criminal and reaps huge harvest of blackmail.	First rate
THE WARRIELAW JEWEL *Winifred Peck* (Dutton: $2.)	Dour Scottish family owns famous jewel which precipitates murder solved by young barrister and his wife.	Best for its atmosphere. Better written and characterized than most mysteries. A grim picture of family hatred and its results.	Good

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A Letter from Spain

BY ANITA BRENNER

THIS year the Spanish free-state of Cataluña is celebrating the hundredth anniversary of its literary renaissance. The celebration is a cultural jubilee and an event of profound political significance as well. Cataluña's relationship to the rest of Spain is broadly analogous to the Irish-British tie. And culturally Cataluña, like Ireland, has been a Cinderella whose fairy godmother turns up wearing a Frigian cap. Cataluña, however, has had no need to nurse its language into written literature, nor to campaign for its use. Catalans have always had to learn Castilian in school, using it merely as the official language, and Catalan literature is as old as Europe.

One is told that the troubadours spoke in this tongue, which belongs to the Provençal family and sounds like an archaic parent of Spanish, French, and Italian, though philologists call it an elder brother. It is a vigorous, earthy, richly poetic speech, and its literary expression is self-assured and bluntly rebellious, not plaintive at all, as would be expected of an oppressed people. As a matter of fact Cataluña, while treated in many respects quite as if it were a colony, has always been at the same time the strongest and richest entity within Spain. Madrid has been the political and intellectual head of the nation, but Barcelona is its commercial and industrial capital. The struggle between them is therefore more like a duel and the Catalans do not belong among the persecuted peoples of the world.

This year Cataluña celebrates her literary jubilee. The Renaissance is dated from 1833 because in that year Catalan again appeared in written literature, after having been partly forgotten and partly suppressed by the first Bourbon, Felipe V, who entered Barcelona with an army in 1714 and did violence to the semi-independent political and cultural practices within which Cataluña had fortified and isolated herself. Thus the reassertion of "Catalanism" a century and a half later had a political character, and was itself a patriotic ode to Cataluña. The poet, Juan Aribau, is therefore looked upon as the father of modern Catalan literature, and it is his jubilee that is being celebrated.

Aribau's expression set the mold for the poets, dramatists, and novelists who followed. Once defiantly recognized in literature, the struggle between Cataluña and Castile channelled the strongest Catalan talents and gave all Catalan art, painting and music included, a revolutionary purpose and character now expressed in both nationalistic and class revolutionary terms. The role assumed by the intellectuals and artists made them constantly prominent in politics too, so that during the Primo de Rivera period most of them were jailed or harassed at least, and now poets and literati occupy high places in the Catalan government.

The protest against Castile contained in Catalan literature was paralleled by a glorification, to the point of absurd sentimentalism, of everything Catalan, emphasizing pastoral Cataluña. This shaped the character of the Catalan novel which has dealt until recently almost entirely with life in the vineyards and olive groves that persistence and sweat have forced abundantly from a soil itself meagrely fertile. Catalans can get crops out of a rock, Castilians always remark. The pastoral theme dominates Catalan drama too, combined with folk themes inherited from troubadours. One of the favorite dramatists of this school is Pitarra (a nom de plume), who wrote two generations ago but is part of the yearly repertoire still. He wrote chiefly comedies in verse, closely related to folk comedies, and made much of a special type which grew out of a regulation that plays in Catalan must have at least one character who spoke in Spanish.

The brightest name in Catalan literature is Jacinto Verdaguer, an epic poet. Verdaguer was a parish priest who according to Catalan critics "had a tragic life because he insisted on being a Christian." This is how they explain his differences with the Church, which arose partly because of his catalanist leanings, distasteful to high dignitaries close to the Crown, and also because he was a simple-minded saint who went pretty far to get the rich to give what they had to the poor. In the end he was separated from his parish and lived—or rather, died—writing for starved liberal papers. His poems are patriotic or religious epics. They are superbly noble in tone and have also something of the equality of St. Francis Assisi's "Fiorettas." Three are generally considered his masterpieces: "La Atlántida," whose name is self-explanatory: "El Canigó," an epic of Cataluña at the time of Charlemagne, and "L'Emigrant," the tragedy of a peasant who must exile himself to live.

After Verdaguer catalanism takes on an agrarian-revolutionary tone. Some of his generation is still writing. Its attitude is voiced clearly and powerfully by Angel Guimerá, a dramatist who died nine years ago. His masterpiece, "Terra Baixa" (The Lowlands) is played two or three times a year. The last line of the play is worth the whole performance and probably the whole playwright too. A child-like goatherd, maddened by oppression and abuse, springs at his tormentor, the landlord, and buries his teeth in the other man's throat; then lunges out crying hoarsely: "I have slain the wolf! . . ."

Guimera's name links in time and tone with these others: Ignacio Iglesias, a poet and dramatist, politically an anarchist; Narcisso Oller, a novelist; Pous y Pages, a dramatist; Catalina Albert, who write under the name of Victor Catalax, and is known especially for her novel, "Solitud." Maragall, author of a chillingly savage "Ode to Spain," belongs to this generation too, and also a group of Mallorcan poets who form part of Catalan literature though spoken Mallorcan differs somewhat from mainland Catalan. The two big names in Mallorca are Juan Alcober and Marian Aguiló.

The moderns still catalanize but they tend to emphasize city life and class revolution, and they share world tendencies: the realistic novel, surréalisme, etc. Jose Carner, a satirist and poet, now consul in Le Havre, is usually given the title of the best Catalan modern. Lopez Picó, a lyric poet, editor of *La Revista*, the leading literary magazine in Catalan, rules the sophisticated part of the literary world. Four other poets must always be mentioned: Salvat Papaseit, who died very young of tuberculosis and is remembered for a famous "Adios a España"; Sanchez Juan; Bonfill y Matas; and Jose Maria de Sagarra, dramatist and novelist too, winner last year of the most important Catalan prize (Creixells prize) in both the novel and the theatre. His prize-winning novel is called "La Vida Privada." He shares his popularity on the stage with Soldevila, now a presiding officer in Parliament, and known as the novelist and dramatist who is always about to win the Creixells. This year's Creixells went to Puig y Ferreter, a novelist who is a deputy in Parliament. His prize-winning novel is called "El Cercle Magic" (The Magic Circle). It is the story of a boy who must solve the problem of why his uncle from America is loved for his riches, which only the uncle and the boy know do not exist; it is a tender story and reads much better than it sounds. Puig y Ferreter is known too for another novel, "Servitud," which deals with life in Barcelona in its most exciting recent years—1917-1918—as seen by a newspaperman whose own life is a tragedy; and for a story of three intellectuals who lived somewhere in their own troubled minds, called "Els Tres Allucinats."

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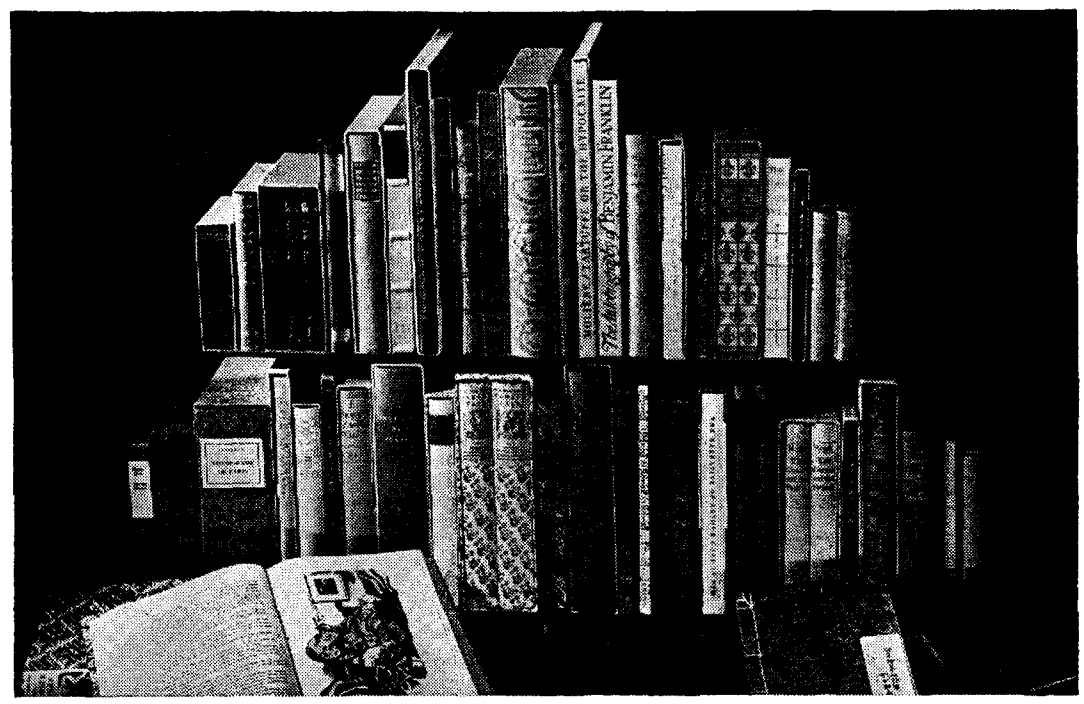

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WHEN LEISURE COMES

BACK in the days of our youth, when "The Sorrows of Satan" or "The Pleasures of Life" held out equal prospect of excitement to our ignorance, we came upon Lord Avebury's collection of essays by the latter title. We remember scarcely more of it now than of Marie Corelli's tale, and of that all that remains in our memory is a single sentence floating in a void: "Ah, Lucifer, Lucifer, Star of the Morning how art thou fallen!" Of Lord Avebury's volume what stuck in our mind was that it contained a list of a hundred good books. Somehow or other that list stretching down the page popped into our thoughts this morning when we opened the request of *W. McC. P. of Norfolk, Virginia,* for what we consider "eighteen best books of 1933," so we hied us to the library to see how closely it squared with our recollections. Yes, there it was, containing nothing but authors living when Sir John (he was Sir John Lubbock then and not Lord Avebury until later) compiled it, and nothing, with the possible exception of Smiles's "Self-Help," which might not go on a similar list today. But it was not the list which held us as we read, but something Lord Avebury said in introducing it.

> I am sometimes disposed to think [he wrote] that the great readers of the next generation will be, not our lawyers and doctors, shopkeepers and manufacturers, but the laborers and mechanics. Does not this seem natural? The former work mainly with their head; when their daily duties are over, the brain is often exhausted, and of their leisure time much must be devoted to air and exercise. The laborer and the mechanic, on the other hand, have in their work time taken sufficiently bodily exercise, and could therefore give any leisure they have to reading and study. They have not done so yet, it is true, but this has been for obvious reasons. Now, however, in the first place, they receive an excellent education in elementary schools, and in the second have more easy access to the best books.

There's a suggestion for technocrats and New Dealers to take into their reckoning when they get down to making a program for leisure. A Victorian, Lord Avebury, to be sure, but one who would have been in the forefront of present-day problems for not only was he an eminent scientist, but also a distinguished politician, and not only a politician but a banker and currency reformer. However, in our interest in him we must not forget our business, so we leave him with the statement that "The Pleasures of Life" is procurable at a dollar in Burt's New Pocket Edition of Modern Classics.

EIGHTEEN GOOD BOOKS OF 1933

Now for W. McC. P.'s request for a list of "eighteen best books of 1933," a request which we are amending to read "good" instead of "best" since absolute categories are difficult and dangerous things in matters where taste and judgment enter.

To begin with home industry. Among the outstanding novels of the past eight months are "South Moon Under," by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings (Scribners), and "As the Earth Turns" by Gladys Hasty Carroll (Macmillan), both of them novels of the soil, Mrs. Rawlings's of the Florida scrub country and Mrs. Carroll's of the Maine farmland. Both of them have a background pictured with liveliness and veracity, well differentiated and vigorously drawn characters, and both are knit into effectiveness by the understanding sympathy of their authors for the manner of life they are portraying. Likewise an authentic piece of Americana in fiction form is James Gould Cozzens's "The Last Adam" (Harcourt, Brace), a realistic, and at the same time humorous portrayal of Connecticut village life, with some boldly etched personalities and a cleverly contrived method of securing unity for a necessarily sprawling story. A charming travesty of tragic conditions, Robert Nathan's "One More Spring" (Knopf), with its portrayal of a group of victims of the depression who find shelter in Central Park, displays his characteristic blend of satire and tenderness. Mr. Nathan's volume is as brief as Hervey Allen's enormously successful "Anthony Adverse" (Farrar & Rinehart) is long, and as directly focussed on the present day as Mr. Allen's picaresque tale beginning in Napoleonic times is for the most part divorced from it. If W. McC. P. has time when he has finished "Anthony Adverse" for another long novel he can tackle H. G. Wells's "The Bulpington of Blup" (Macmillan), good Wells, more savage than H. G. has often allowed himself to be in the recent past, or he can turn to the same author's "The Shape of Things To Come" (Macmillan), just issued, long and engrossing, and a tract for the times rather than a novel in everything but the fact that it is cast in a future Utopia.

How slowly we make haste. Three foreign novels, Hans Fallada's "Little Man, What Now?" (Simon & Schuster) a tale of Germany and of unemployment, Jules Romains' "Men of Good Will" (Knopf), a modern "novel without a hero," part of a work projected on a grand scale, and "Twenty Years A-Growing" (Viking), by Maurice O'Sullivan, a simple tale of simple Irish folk, are among the important publications in the field of fiction. H. M. Tomlinson's "The Snows of Helicon" (Harpers), as a story exceedingly poor, is to our mind one of the outstanding books of the season. Mr. Tomlinson may not know how to devise a plot, and he may have no idea how to extricate his characters from the artificial situations into which he throws them, but there is no one writing who has more "quality," if that word is taken to mean beauty of soul and mind, more ability to invest his writing with dignity and exquisite loveliness of expression than this quiet, rather deaf, much beloved Englishman. Of all the persons we have met in the course of our literary labors Tomlinson and Masefield more than any others impress us with a power that comes from character and is wrung from agonizing brooding over "the doubtful fate of human kind."

But back to our list. A book that we personally place among the best of 1933 (however, we serve warning that it fell in with our belief in the necessity in times of peace of preparing for peace) is Storm Jameson's "No Time Like the Present" (Knopf), the autobiography of a woman who came to maturity during the war years and who writes with burning indignation of the betrayal of humanity which she regards battle to be. Five more biographies take place among the most interesting books of the year, "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas" (Harcourt, Brace), in reality the autobiography of the remarkable woman, Gertrude Stein, "The House of Exile," by Nora Waln (Little, Brown), the chronicle of an American woman's life in China, Stefan Zweig's "Marie Antoinette" (Viking), the third and last volume of "The Journal of Arnold Bennett" (Viking), and "The Farm" (Harpers), by Louis Bromfield. Mr. Bromfield's book is really the biography of a family, thinly disguised as fiction, with himself figuring in the third person. We find it the most interesting of his books, and indeed a fascinating volume, worthy to take its place with Hamlin Garland's "A Son of the Middle Border." We wish we had time to write something of Mr. Bromfield himself, who has always impressed us like some natural phenomenon, a geyser, or some other uncontrollable force of nature, with his unquenchable zest, his inexhaustible energy, and his unflagging spirits, but we'll never get to our next question if we do. How we have run on as it is! We're almost as bad as Miss Bates who so irritated poor Emma. And we still have our last book to mention, the brief, suggestive, and illuminating "Name and Nature of Poetry" (Macmillan) by A. E. Housman.

RECENT WORKS ON EDUCATION

Well, we've finally taken leave with the last paragraph of the "eighteen books" and now arrive at the request of *L. A. S. of Shelter Island, N. Y.*, for "really good books that have made their appearance in the last year or two on education" She wishes the names of volumes suitable for discussion at the meeting of a women's club, and is already familiar with "Our Children" (Viking), edited by Dorothy Canfield Fisher and Sidonie M. Greenberg, and with "The Parent and the Happy Child," by Lorine Pruette (Holt).

Since she is interested in all phases of education, we suggest first such general books as C. W. Washburne's "Remakers of Mankind" (Day), Alexander Meiklejohn's "The Experimental College" (Harpers), G. S. Counts's "The American Road to Culture" (Day), and Bertrand Russell's "Education and the Modern World" (Norton). L. P. Jacks, editor of the *Hibbert Journal,* made a special trip to America last year to study the problems of recreation and published later a volume embodying his findings entitled "Education through Recreation" (Harpers). A volume by Nathaniel Peffer on "Educational Experiments in Industry" (Macmillan) ought to prove useful on that phase of the subject. The White House Conference on Child Health and Protection devoted one of its volumes to "Parent Education" (Century), and another to general problems of childhood. Two books which fall into the field of education and which have timeliness and wide general interest are "Our Movie-Made Children," by James Henry Forman (Macmillan) and "Educational Talking Pictures" by F. L. Devereux (University of Chicago Press). The first of these two volumes embodies the results of an exhaustive investigation from all angles into the effect of the moving picture on the child. If L. A. S. wants a further list we'll send it to her on request.

A STUDY OF MARK TWAIN

Ambling in the shades of Academe reminds us that we have a letter from Mr. *Edward Wagenknecht of the University of Washington* who is writing a book on Mark Twain and thinks that university professors and librarians, as well as the general public, might be able to furnish material for it. He would like to enter into correspondence with anyone who has unpublished letters of Mark Twain, or personal reminiscences of him, or who could furnish references to obscure or unindexed material, or information as to unpublished doctor's or master's theses. He will of course give proper credit for such assistance.

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 118)

made by banks should be genuine, *i. e.*, the bank must actually give up what the borrower receives. Out of such genuine borrowings or out of taxation capital should be provided for an increased production. Money should be issued by the government exclusively, and in such a manner as to keep the purchasing power of the currency constant. The nation should spend a portion of its taxes for the purchase of industries. The above remedies, Professor Soddy believes, will eliminate man's conflict with money, and wealth which is something that gives power over nature will cease to be converted into debt—something that gives power over men. L. R.

Fiction

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS. By Basil D. Nicholson. Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. $2.

Mr. Nicholson, unknown to this reviewer, would seem to be a young man very lately out of Oxford, with a considerable knowledge of the London and New York press, and a considerable hangover of the undergraduate manner. His tale of a raseal who lies and cheats his way through Central and South America, then through England, and finally into heaven, is occasionally amusing. but far too monotonous to be worth reading through. Mr. Nicholson has his points, however, and with a bit of seasoning may be worth looking out for; especially when he learns not to put his least interesting material first. The blurb by G. B. Stern that overruns the jacket means no more than blurbs by English authors ever mean, nowadays.
E. D.

NEW YORK MADNESS. By Maxwell Bodenheim. Macaulay. 1933. $2.

Time works no change in the literary art of Maxwell Bodenheim. Professional bohemian with an assured audience for his half-baked eroticism, each novel outdoes its predecessor in a febrile striving for effect, in blatant meretriciousness. Hopelessly muddled in concept and expression, mangling the language with an ingenuity that borders on the phenomenal, totally lacking in the vaguest understanding of human beings, it would be difficult to understand, were it not for the ready market the pseudo-sexual instantly commands, how his work finds a publisher.

The present opus offers a plethora of Bodenheim fare—gangsters and loose ladies run riot, falling out of one bed into another; characters appear—and are developed at length—who have no subsequent bearing on the narrative; there are feebly veiled cracks at a few of the author's pet aversions—individuals and institutions—and throughout the narrative

(*Continued on page* 122)

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

SAGA OF AN ART EDITOR

LAWRENCE S. WILLIAMS, who recently communicated with me from Tenafly, N. J., has now sent me his "Thoughts on Magazine Illustrators," a portion of which I herewith present to you. Mr. Williams, after five or six years at Scribners, went to work for *"Jim" Barnes* on *Appleton's Magazine* "in the heyday of *Robert W. Chambers,*" with *Trumbull White* as managing editor. From there he plunged "into the rustle of dress patterns and lady editors at the *Woman's Home Companion.*" Following this, Mr. Williams edited school-books for fifteen years, and introduced the idea of illustration for them to his editor-in-chief. Then he quit the job, went abroad, and has since been writing a series of child travel-books, and waiting for the New Deal to finance the schools who buy the series as supplementary readers. Some enterprising publisher ought to get hold of him!

Mr. Williams begins his paper with a description of the young art student in New York *circa* 1900. He studied under *William M. Chase* and was taught illustration by *Frank V. DuMond.* He tells of the old art galleries and theatres and relates how he "suped" in Sardou's howling melodrama, "Robespierre," featuring *Irving* and *Terry.* But I must skip to where he "tried for an inside job" and landed a "position" as office-boy in the art department of the old *Scribner's Magazine.*

TURN OF THE CENTURY

"The year 1900 was the high tide of the illustrated magazine, and if you could not be an illustrator the next best thing was to have a desk in the department to which the best illustrators of the time brought their work. Across that desk drawings, proofs, and plates passed through your hands all day long. There were the intricacies of half-tone engravings, tint-blocks, and Ben Day process to be mastered and utilized as well as the disheartening results of the three-color process with their progressive proofs pulled in watermelon pink, poisonous blue, and a peculiarly acid yellow. This combination was supposed to reproduce any masterpiece from *Cimabue* to *Howard Chandler Christy.* You soon learned why some drawings would reproduce successfully and others would not, which illustrators got their work in on time, and those who were always delayed. Why the August and Christmas numbers are planned six months in advance, and above all, how to threaten, flatter, and cajole both the engraver and printer in order to get the magazine out on the fifteenth of the month.

"Always there was the thrill on opening the new *Century, Harper's,* or *McClure's* to compare them page for page for new illustrators and fresh points-of-view in make-up and material. It was this spirit of good-natured rivalry that produced the finest illustrated periodicals ever printed in America. There were no artists' unions, no exclusive contracts, no rigid policy about what sort of pictures the public wants. They got the best and came back for more. If you will spend an afternoon in the attic some time with a pile of old magazines, looking at the illustrations by *Howard Pyle, E. A. Abbey, Robert Blum, Orson Lowell, J. Pennell, Arthur I. Keller, William Glackens, Edward Penfield,* and *A. B. Frost,* you will know why.

AN OLD-TIME ART DEPARTMENT

"In order to reach our editorial offices at *Scribner's,* you took a tiny wooden elevator to the third floor. Stepping in and out of this box you rubbed shoulders with such best sellers as *Theodore Roosevelt, Richard Harding Davis,* or *Mrs. Wharton,* while in the book store below *Henry James* in a topper as large as the Mad Hatter's, or *James Huneker,* might be glimpsed on rare occasions wandering among the tables of new fiction.

But in the art department we had a more varied and amusing stream of callers than in any other branch of the business. It never took a new office boy long to recognize the type. He did not bother to bring in a card, he knew what they had come for by the size of their package and let them wait his pleasure. If there was no office boy between the world and the art editor, these patient folk would walk in unannounced to sit among their portfolios until their work could be looked at. A full day would see a dozen artists, men and women, with samples of their work to submit. Their manners were as diverse as their modes of using a pencil, especially the young women. Each type has something to show. There is the pretty girl who uses her eyes as you turn over her quite hopeless imitations of *Maxfield Parrish,* the clever girl with her brilliant pen-and-inks, the mannish dame in stiff collar and tie whose confidence is unshaken by your utter indifference to her wild wash drawings, the intimate lady who confides in you 'because you will understand,' the sad-eyed widow whose personal appeal has to be met with firmness and tact, and the frowsy genius with a stack of bad cover designs, who explains how good they are and threatens suicide to compel instant acceptance.

"There is no reason, nowadays, to suspect the young fellows of being artists, since they all dress like business men and do their stuff in office-buildings. Occasionally there is an older man whose long hair and flowing tie suggest the Boul' Mich, but they cannot hope to compete with the efficiency and service which the younger type affects. Most pathetic of all in the old days were the few remaining wood-engravers, mostly Germans, who were left stranded with no blocks to cut because of the new methods of process and half-tone engraving on copper.

THE TEMPERAMENT OF ILLUSTRATORS

"When *Howard Pyle's* famous school at Wilmington was turning out its crop of talented students, they would invade New York several times a year looking for magazine jobs. Their local carpenter had perfected a sort of wooden suitcase into which each young man fitted as many canvases in black and white oil or color as he could carry. These sample cases always held promise of distinguished work as has been amply proved by the later careers of such men as *Frank Schoonover, Arthur Becher, W. J. Aylward, George Harding, N. C. Wyeth,* and *Harvey Dunn.* In fact, Pyle's influence as a teacher had a more stimulating affect on American illustration than any other native tendency. He insisted on observation, accuracy of detail, and the widest possible range of subject matter. His students' sense of decoration was given full scope and they were taught to make interesting by its treatment any sort of illustrator's problem.

"To the illustrator, authors are an irritating breed. Their sole excuse is to supply copy for pictures. This imperfect sympathy is one of the art editor's trials. He knows how futile it is to try to make them agree and how fatal their interviews may prove, for the author is thinking about his great scene and the illustrator about something quite different. *Dickens* always dictated to his illustrators, invariably choosing for a picture the one situation he had already exhausted in words. Some writers resent any kind of illustration and so cast their bread on the broad waters of the *Atlantic.* Its unsullied pages are a benefaction to the distressed art editor after an endless day of shifting and shuffling cuts for page make-up. He dreads the lady author who doesn't know anything about drawing 'but would rather like to try.' Oh yes, she has sketches for her story which she expects the artist to 'finish up a bit, so they will be clearer, you know.' When you abandon her scheme and redraw her efforts to make them fit for reproduction, she is furious.

"I once took proofs of some drawings by *Walter Appleton Clark* to show to *F. Hopkinson Smith* whose serial novel 'Oliver Horn' they were to illustrate. The urbane author-artist received me in his study where the walls were hung with his own flashy water colors of Venice and Rotterdam. His manner reflected their sunshine until his eye fell on the dull proofs I carried. These were very low in tone, so black and shadowy that it looked, he said, as if the story were laid in a coal cellar. So, out with his pen-knife—and he began to etch in a few high lights! The proofs soon became very spirited white-line engravings, a perfect example of 'Hop' Smith's fatal facility. Then as he held his performance at arm's length, he twirled his white moustache and admitted that, 'one artist should never tinker with a fellow-artist's work.'"

A STORY OF PASSIONATE YOUTH

THE WOODEN DOCTOR

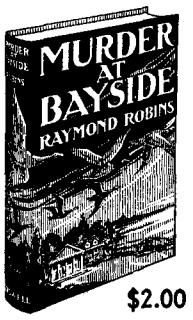
Margiad Evans

"This astonishing book made a more profound impression on me than anything similar in literature since 'Jane Eyre'. . . . A poignant, tragic book with a wild Welsh tang to it and a style that reminds one of Katherine Mansfield."—*Compton Mackenzie.*

"Her book tears at one's mind savagely; yet her ordeal stirs that pity and compassion which begin to scale genuinely tragic heights. There are scenes which will carry the reader direct to the gray home of the Brontes. This girl can apparently capture an experience in its most shimmering moment, and transmit it to us without literary fuss or artifice. She has the gift of translating her personality into literary terms with a fierce vividness."—*William Soskin in the New York Evening Post.*

"It is a forthright stabbing declaration, untrammeled by mannerism, unencumbered by metaphor or nicety of adjective. It may not have the subtle nuances of Katherine Mansfield's prose, but its bold strokes are far more telling."—*The Nation.*

$2.00 HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY



MURDER at BAYSIDE

By RAYMOND ROBINS

When two case-hardened critics of mystery stories—both of whom have written books of their own—confess themselves baffled, the yarn ought to be a good one.

Said one: "The suspense is well sustained, and the layman will probably be thrilled with uncertainty up to the very last."

$2.00 THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY, NEW YORK

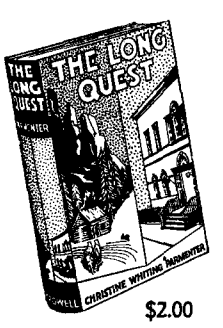
"Bill Andrews is completely real."
—*N. Y. Post.*

"Julie—resolute, yet tender, teasing, yet sympathetic—is magnificent!"
—*Herald Tribune "Books"*

These characters, drawn with uncompromising reality, have won for this novel exceptional praise. "You believe in the ranchman, Bill Andrews, and Julie, forced by unwilling love to fight their way to peace. It is many a month since I have read a story so moving or so beautiful."—*Lewis Gannett, N. Y. Herald Tribune.* "In the working out of the emotional conflicts of this situation, Evans is at his best . . . his intuitions are every whit as keen as those of D. H. Lawrence."—*Saturday Review.* (Second printing, $2.00, and published by Morrow)

ANDREWS' HARVEST

a novel by JOHN EVANS



The LONG QUEST

By Christine Whiting Parmenter,

author of "Miss Aladdin," "Shining Palace," etc.

Readers of Mrs. Parmenter's books—a continually widening circle—have come to expect, from her pen, pictures of average home life set down with rare skill and sympathy, plus an emotional quality peculiarly her own.

The story deals with simple, elemental human emotions, and its scenes of Western life are delightfully drawn.

$2.00 THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY, NEW YORK

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The New Books

(*Continued from page* 120)

there runs a specious pretense of probing seriously into the sexual, economic, social, and literary psychology of our times.

Specimen description: "His face was an adulteration of earth, no longer direct, and struggling between the fetishes of ethics and covetous disregard." Specimen character analysis: "Two selves had contended for her flesh without a victory for either side, and a shiver from her soul was watching the antics and wiles of alcohol."

A. C. B.

TWO VALLEYS. By Howard Melvin Fast. Dial. 1933. $2.

Still another version of the Enoch Arden story, Mr. Fast's book is laid during the Revolutionary period of American history and furnishes, in the main, as heartily entertaining a tale as the reader is likely to encounter in a season. Where he has been successful—in the evocation of a time long past, when life was lived at white heat on the frontier and there was little opportunity to develop our more civilized neuroses—he has been successful in the extreme. Moods of idyllic romance are relieved and pointed up by the realization of ever-present danger from Indians and Tory troops, and the cataclysmic attack on the stockade, as the story draws to a close, is exciting and startlingly effective. It furnishes one of those rare interludes in the reading of a novel drawn from historical sources, when the reader can actually lose himself in the action of a life now remote from our daily struggles with economics, and wish himself back in a period when physique alone protected man from the ravages of hunger, fear of death and nature, when man's only difficulties could be met by action.

If the novel occasionally drips with a saccharine sentimentality and utilizes coincidences that are the stuff of romance but rarely touch our daily lives, these lapses may be condoned by a consideration of the author's age: *"not yet nineteen"* (publisher's italics), and the realization that he has, in general, written a story that reveals an authentic gift for narrative and a feeling for the language that should produce sounder fiction in the future.

A. C. B.

SCARLET JOSEPHINE. By Marjorie Worthington. Knopf. 1933. $2.

Of Old New England stock, Ellen Abernathy survived her father to remain the custodian of the library he donated to their little Connecticut town when he died. A spinster, not particularly good-looking, starved in her emotional life, she was respected and avoided. She would have been avoided even more enthusiastically had the townsfolk known what she was doing in her spare time: she was writing a novel about a celebrated international prostitute.

With the publication of her novel, Ellen achieved a little money, a little fame, considerable notoriety. She was definitely déclassée, but it meant little enough to her. She wrote another novel, this time about her neighbors. Failing to attract the principal of the local grammar-school, she offered herself to a transient laborer and was accepted. Waking the next morning, she stretched her arms "luxuriously," and said, "Well, Ellen, I guess that's more like it." She took on a girl to help her with the housework: the former town whore; she neglected the library; she bought a car. She set out to pay her publisher a visit in her car, decided to wear her purple dress, her high-heeled slippers, and "make my mouth red." She decided that the wages of virtue, as well as of sin, is death.

Miss Worthington's novel about Miss Abernathy is as flimsy as this possibly unfair résumé would indicate. Failing almost completely to give the sense of life, it still manages to be amusing, lightly satirical, pleasantly distracting.

A. C. B.

REQUIEM. By A. E. Fisher. Day. 1933. $2.50.

Mr. Fisher is one of the many novelists—though considerably better than the average—who would scorn to make any concessions to their readers. He commences a chapter with "he felt," "he went," and so on; and you are supposed to wait patiently till the action of the story tells you who "he" was. "Requiem" deals with a week in the lives of a Pittsburgh family—the last week for John, the unemployed father, who finally breaks away from his madhouse of a home and the city he had always hated to go back to the farm where he wishes he had spent his life; to be killed at last in a road accident. Others of the family are Ethel, the shrieking wife, with her "face like pink salmon on the pillow and her hair like soiled yellow silk"; Ed, the three-quarters-witted elder son; his brother Al, the slick ex-pugilist; his sister Belle, unfortunately pregnant by a barber; and grandma, who lives in the attic, half deaf and half blind, and thereby unable to notice the incessant family quarrels which the less fortunate reader cannot escape.

None the less Mr. Fisher is worth watching; his manner, aside from his lordly indifference to the convenience of his customers, is considerably better than his matter. Told in a modified stream-of-consciousness style, his story does give you the feel, the sound, the smell of an industrial city in hard times; a sense of the humanity of jangling personalities however vulgar; and, at the end, an elegiac appreciation of the brevity and vanity of the time of man. Noteworthy, too, is the use of the radio which this family, like too many others, left always turned on, their ears dulled alike to "Götterdämmerung" and jazz; it accompanies the story like the drums in "The Emperor Jones." Mr. Fisher might write a very good novel if he chose characters better worth writing about. No one may properly challenge a writer's choice of material; but a reader retains the vestigial civic right to say that he was not amused.

E. D.

RUSH HOUR. By James Cleugh. Kinsey. 1933. $2.

This is a modern English novel, more interesting than the average, whose author has already been praised by such astute writers as Rebecca West, J. B. Priestley, Compton Mackenzie, and L. A. G. Strong. "Brain, imagination, and style" are Priestley's findings, and certainly brain and imagination are evident here.

The story is a story that didn't really happen, as conveyed by the italicized accompaniments to its telling. It is the story of what *might* have happened to a certain few people. The device of the italicized parts is rather original, but we do not think it helps the book very greatly.

We encountered certain difficulties. We didn't care for Michael Gatwick. He certainly didn't deserve Clare Windsor. It was his fault that Paula Dean actually lost her legs in a motor accident—what authors will do to their characters! In fact, Michael was a rather thoroughgoing rotter—just as the lustful Lionel Voigt was about as slimy as they come—and the emergence of all characters into sweetness and light at the end of the book is a bit too much to swallow! It is saved by the fact that it didn't really happen (see italics), but in that case why should we be introduced to all these abysmal meannesses of human conduct? Such a story, latent in such characters, is exciting at times but rather meretricious. There is no doubt that James Cleugh has talent as a writer. But so far he seems to us to be only scratching the surface of real life.

W. R. B.

MOTLEY AND MR. PINCH. By Pearson Choate. Appleton-Century. 1933. $2.

This tale of Mr. Pinch, the meek and mouselike rural English curate, who was inspired by his contact with Maurice Motley, Shakespearean actor, to "run amuck for the glory of God," would have made an amusing and edifying short story. To spin it out to sixty thousand words, however, Mr. Choate has had to gambol over and under and all around it like a leaping porpoise, so that what he has to say is almost drowned in the spray of explanations and editorializing and parenthesis.

E. D.

Miscellaneous

WHAT ELECTRICITY COSTS. A Symposium on the Cost of Distribution to Domestic and Rural Consumers. Edited by Morris Llewellyn Cooke. New Republic. 1933. $1.

This book, which contains a series of addresses delivered before the Institute of Public Engineering on the question of how much it costs to deliver electricity from the substation to the consumer, provides much informative material for both engineers and laymen. The volume has been skilfully planned and arranged so as to give much more than a technical description of cost-finding difficulties. The layman who reads the addresses in sequence will find that he is easily acquiring interesting information on the necessity and purpose of such a discussion, on the physical items that go to make up a distribution plant and how they are used, and on the general problem of cost keeping. A clear summary is presented of the various and complex problems that enter into the question of distribution cost-finding. At this point the interest of layman and engineer begin to overlap, for several papers are included in which an effort is made to arrive at concrete figures, demonstrating that the haze of ignorance which has hung over this aspect of the electric industry has failed of dissipation largely for the lack of will to dissipate it. The addresses in the latter part of the book will be interesting mainly to engineers, for they deal primarily with such subjects of technical interest.

Mention should be made of a detail in the general plan of the book which considerably enhances its value; a "Who's Who in This Volume" precedes the table of contents, and provides the reader with pertinent information about each author. It is interesting to note how few active officials of privately owned utilities contributed to this discussion of how much their product costs!

SHERWIN KELLY.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE WORLD'S SHIPPING INDUSTRY. By C. Ernest Fayle. Dial. 1933. $3.50.

The development of seaborne traffic, mainly in merchandise, from the ancient Egyptian period to our own day, is compactly described in Mr. Fayle's 320 pages. Maritime invention and exploration are taken up by the author only as they affect shipping as an industry. Emphasis is on such matters as modes of marine ownership, finance, and insurance; methods of ship management, conditions of employment, status and treatment of marine workers; freight rates and regulations, tonnage determination, laws of loading and liability; control of shipping by contract and statute, and the shift in character and control of world trade. One interesting fact which transpires is that the medieval seaman was better compensated and better protected than the merchant sailor of today. Another is that marine insurance was fully developed in medieval times and that marine loading requirements and ship inspection were more adequate then than in nineteenth century Britain. The decisive factor in the situation is evidently the mode of ownership, disregard for human welfare progressively becoming more rampant with the ascendancy of the entrepreneur. Mr. Fayle has nothing to say regarding the rise of the motorship and drops his narrative inconclusively at some ill-defined point in the post-war period, where it would be perfectly logical to emphasize the trend toward national monopoly, the end of the world market, and, in sum, the retrogression of the shipping industry to the subeconomic status from which, after all, it never more than fractionally emerged since ancient times.

MURRAY GODWIN.

Philosophy

THE POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY OF CONFUCIANISM. By Leonard Shih-lien Hsü. Dutton. $3.75.

At the outset of this volume the author reminds his readers that Confucianism is only one of several schools of thought which emerged in China in the first millennium before the Christian era in the effort to cope with the disorder which then, much as in our own day, plagued the realm. In programs they ranged widely—from the advocacy of what approximates to philosophic anarchism to very strict governmental regulation. Some passages of the debates between them sound strangely like twentieth century discussions of political and economic questions.

Quite properly the volume devotes its main attention to the political principles of Confucianism. To attempt even to enumerate them would carry this review far beyond its proper limits. It must be sufficient to say that the author succeeds in presenting them with clarity. Those who must content themselves with scanning the book will especially appreciate the excellent summary at the end of each chapter.

Among the faults of the work—and was there ever a volume which the captious reviewer declared perfect?—are the author's obvious pro-Confucian bias and, in places, an undue proclivity for attempting to fit Confucian principles into Western categories. It is, for example, a distortion to say that "Confucius and his disciples are undoubtedly favorably disposed toward democracy." Nor does the author make sufficiently apparent the fact that there have been striking differences among distinguished exponents of Confucianism. He fails, moreover, to make it clear that Confucianism displays marked modifications at great stages in its history. We still await a competent account of the application of Confucianism to the Chinese state. Such a work, if and when it is written, will be a major contribution to

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the political thinking of the world. Meanwhile, however, Dr. Hsü has written a most useful and illuminating book.

KENNETH B. LATOURELLE.

COLLECTED PAPERS OF CHARLES SANDERS PEIRCE. Edited by Charles Hartshorne and Paul Weiss. Vol. III. Exact Logic. Harvard University Press. 1933.

Charles Peirce is undoubtedly the most original philosophical thinker that this country has produced, and his contributions especially to the development of modern mathematical logic are, in number and importance, such as to rank his name with the most distinguished in that field.

The present volume makes readily accessible a number of Charles Peirce's published logical papers which, until now, have remained hidden away in old numbers of scientific journals that many libraries do not possess. In particular, it contains several articles setting forth his pioneering Logic of Relatives.

Most of the papers in the collection are so highly technical as to be beyond the capacities not only of the general reader, but even of most philosophical readers. Only persons well trained in symbolic logic wil lbe in a position either to follow them or to appreciate the contributions they make to the subjects they treat. To guide the reader, the editors, in an introductory note, classify the topics dealt with as of historical interest, of general logical interest, and of general interest. Among the latter are here and there to be found arresting and suggestive statements, such as that "the necessary reasoning of mathematics is performed by means of observation and experiment," that "all necessary reasoning whatsoever proceeds by constructions," etc. Nevertheless, it is only in a moment of optimism that many of the passages listed even in this third group can be said to be of general interest. The rewards of this third volume to the general philosophical reader will not compare with the rich fruits he was able to gather from the first two volumes. Its contents were written for specialists in the field of exact logic, and it is in the insights that it furnishes into the problems of this field that its importance lies.

CURT JOHN DUCASSE.

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Miscellaneous

THE WESTERN PONY. Written and Illustrated by William R. Leigh. New York: Huntington Press. 1933. $10.

WHEN a man sets out to write and illustrate a book about a subject which he likes and knows, the chances are that the book will be interesting. In the present case there is the additional fact that this book is the first illustrated monograph on the subject to appear.

Mr. Leigh has been studying the Western pony for many years, and that tough and long-suffering animal meets with sympathetic treatment at his hands. There

THE OLD BLACK MUSTANG
From a painting by W. R. Leigh for "The Western Pony"

are six color plates of ponies, as well as eighteen drawings in black and white.

The account of the mustang is racy and gossipy, full of stories of Indians and cowboys and their ponies.

The book has been well printed in Baskerville type, as a large quarto volume. The color illustrations are printed by Jaffé. It is a good addition to the Huntington Press series of books, each of which seems to have a very good reason for existence.

HELLESPHERE, a Vision of the New World. By Wilder Bentley. Pittsburgh. 1933. 42 *copies.*

IF it is still true (as I believe it is) that "one man with a dream, at pleasure, shall go forth and conquer a crown; and three with a new song's measure can trample a kingdom down," then one watches "with hope each day renewed and fresh" for the poets who are to trample down the kingdom of capitalism and of *mechanismo.* They have not yet appeared, but after the poems of realism and symbolism and what not there will come the passionate poems of regeneration — the fierce desire for a new world put into those rhythmic forms which haunt the mind. Wilder Bentley has felt the intolerable desolation of Pittsburgh and has essayed the Dantesque task of damning it in *terza rima,* under the supposed tutelage of the Master. As poetry the result is hard reading: as angry outburst against the hell of modern manufacturing it perhaps indicates where the poet must work if he is to "trample a kingdom down." As printing, the small book of forty pages is good: set and printed by the author in fine type on fine paper, on his hand press, the book has validity.

MATSUKAZE, a No-Play by Kwanami. New York, 1933. 75 *copies,* 15 *for sale.*

THIS department has always been interested in amateur printing, for it is one of the gracious features of printing history that the gifted amateur in printing has frequently contributed as much if not more to the delight of the printed book than has the professional. Gutenberg was an amateur: so were Regiomontanus, Bodoni, Baskerville, Morris, and many others. Today, in the midst of the mechanical era, one finds from time to time the amateur spirit reasserting itself to sweeten and humanize the craft. We have had occasion to note the work of the Equinox Press; now comes another group of young people with a similar contribution. The present book was done at the Stratford Press as a coöperative venture. There is nothing of the usually-conceived-of "amateurishness" about it, but it is delicately printed on soft Japan paper, and bound in paper boards, in a well conceived and workmanlike style.

OSCAR WILDE: Recollections by Jean Paul Raymond and Charles Ricketts. London: Nonesuch Press. 800 *copies.* $4.

ALTHOUGH somewhat late to be reviewed, this slim book is not to be neglected. Printed by George W. Jones, from plans by the master of the Nonesuch Press, Francis Meynell, the book is admirably set and printed, and has a binding from designs by Ricketts who was himself a figure of some note in the post-Kelmscott history of printing. As a contribution to knowledge of Wilde and as an item for Wilde collectors the book is valuable and necessary.

The Fourteenth *Colophon*

THE current issue of this quarterly is the fourteenth in the series, and it sustains the high level of contributions, both literary and typographic, which has marked the various issues from the initial number. If one general impression were to be recorded, it is that the present number seems saner in typography, throughout the whole magazine, than have some previous issues; and such sanity is welcome, because the excursions into American versions of German and French aberrations have not always been happy ones.

The table of contents offers a varied programme. W. C. Van Antwerp writes on "Collecting Scott," E. E. Calkins on Harriet Martineau, T. J. Holmes on the Mather Collection, A. F. Johnson on the Unicorn in early books, Alfred Hopkins on book-hunting in Europe, Alfred Stanford "reviews" Blunt's Coast Pilot, published at Newburyport in 1796, and W. R. Castle, Jr., writes on the Hoover translation of "De Re Metallica." And for good measure Earl Horter provides an aquatint, "Bookshop."

The printers represented are besides the Pynson Printers, the Windsor Press, San Francisco, Horace Carr of Cleveland, the Curwen Press, London, Offset Printing Plate Co., New York, Esquirell of Philadelphia, and appropriately enough for the article on Blunt's Coast Pilot, the Harbor Press of New York,.

It is difficult to pick out any of the contents for especial mention, since the general average is so high. But it may be observed that there is some possibility that Mr. Hoover's name will remain longest in the minds of those who know his fine translation and dignified printing of Agricola's book on metals. For this reason, Mr. Castle's straightforward account of the translating and printing of the book, derived from talks with Mr. and Mrs. Hoover, has an historic value in connection with the translation. For our own part, the articles on Scott and Blunt's Coast Pilot were the most interesting: for we still read Scott, and Newburyport (the only city in America, according to Dr. Holmes, which was ever finished!) is a city of unfailing charm. Some day the *Colophon* might do worse than publish an account of Certain Poets of Newburyport —not to mention Whittier and Harriet Prescott Spofford, there were Sam Hoyt, Edmund Pearson, the Crime Man, and, not least of them Pearson *père,* whose verses in the Newburyport *News* were a delight. But Newburyport's real glory was in rum and ships, and it was a grand idea to write of Blunt's great book.

R.

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

PUBLISHER V. QUERCUS

Poor Old Quercus, defendant, called *in litem*, took the stand for examination before a jury presumably of his peers—a mixed panel of booksellers and publishers. Quercus being duly sworn the prosecuting attorney began:

Question—You are a book reviewer, Mr. Quercus?

Answer—Not exactly, sir. A casual commentator.

Q.—What do you mean by that? It sounds very irresponsible.

Counsel for the Defence—Objection!

Judge—I do not see the grounds for counsel's objection.

Counsel—Your honor, it is obviously the intention of the prosecutor to prejudice Mr. Quercus in the eyes of the jury, upon some of whose advertising appropriations Mr. Quercus's livelihood ultimately depends.

Judge—Mr. Quercus's livelihood is irrelevant to this court. We are here to establish just principles of criticism. Objection overruled.

Q.—Well, Mr. Quercus?

A.—It *is* irresponsible, sir. I am under no obligation to mention any particular book, nor to cover the field of publishing in my comments. I please myself by mentioning what appears to me timely, amusing, or of ecumenical importance.

Judge—Please use words that the jury can understand.

Q.—Well then, Mr. Quercus, the fact that you did *not* mention a given book—

A.—If you please, sir, in my occupation all books are given books. The publishers send them round.

Q.—The fact you did *not* mention a book may lead one to assume you did not think it timely, nor amusing, nor of—that is to say—important?

A.—No sir, no such conclusion is warranted. I might not have read the book.

Q.—The plaintiff states that though he has repeatedly entertained you at lunch, you have never mentioned any of his publications in print.

A.—He should be grateful. Unhappily, the plaintiff's choice in books is not as alert as it is on a menu card.

Q.—Is it a fact that you have broken the rules of your profession by never asserting that such-and-such was the best book of a generation and should be read by everyone at once?

A.—No sir. I have said something to that effect almost every time anything was published by Santayana, Pearsall Smith, or C. E. Montague.

Judge—I never heard of them.

A.—But in general I am sparing of superlatives. My rhetorical precedent is litotes.

A Juryman—Please your honor, I did not catch the name of that last author—

Q.—Is it a fact that when the plaintiff inquired your opinion of a certain work, you replied it was a good book for a rainy Tuesday evening?

A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—What did you mean by that?

A.—I never visit the office on Tuesdays but am occupied in arduous literary composition. Consequently on Tuesday evenings, particularly if it rains (your honor will have observed the frequency of rain on Tuesdays) I am in the mood for relaxation. The kind of books that appeal to me on Tuesday evenings are detective stories or spoofs, preferably those written with some tincture of style and wit. Such books for instance as that heavenly satire *Father Malachy's Miracle*—

Judge—Please do not influence the jury by mentioning any specific titles.

Q.—I submit that by announcing that the book in question was a good book for Tuesdays you reduced the plaintiff's possible sales by six-sevenths and gave cause for redress.

A.—Sir, you overestimate the circulation of literature.

Q.—Then in offering that opinion you implied it was a good book?

A.—It was a book appropriate to my requirements at that particular time.

Q.—If a book is a good book on Tuesdays it is also a good book on Wednesdays, is it not?

A.—No sir. There is nothing so fortuitous and personal as the impact of a book upon a reader. The day of the week, the weather, the season of the year, the surroundings and mood of the moment, will make one book delicious and another insupportable. Tonight I shall enjoy *Marius the Epicurean* but tomorrow I may require the immoral papers of Ben Franklin.

Judge—Strike that out of the testimony. I instruct the defendant not to mention titles. Besides, Ben Franklin founded the *Saturday Evening Post*, there can't be anything immoral—

A.—Judge, you'd be surprised.

Judge—Order in court!—I'll discuss this with the defendant in camera, after the hearing.

Q.—Then are we to understand that there are no valid and enduring principles of literary criticism, that the appeal of a book to a reader is merely the by-product of his personal history and situation? All pure relativity?

A.—Precisely. For instance, to me one of the most agreeable books ever written is *Archy and Mehitabel*—

[Disorder in court. Several lines of testimony lost by stenographer.]

A Juryman—If it please your honor, that book is published by my house, I'll send you an editorial copy.

Q.—Are there no book reviewers or critics who can be depended on for rational, disinterested and chemically pure comment on literature?

A.—I hope not. They'd be unreadable. Works of imagination are emotional entities, not susceptible of scientific analysis. I'll tell you a book I think is terrible, that last novel by—

Judge—Order!

A.—But Billy Phelps and Harry Hansen both—

Judge—More order!

Q.—Do you admit that your testimony seems to bring criticism into disrepute, makes it the plaything of chance, fancy, and personal taste?

A.—The education of personal taste is the highest function of the individual. For instance I'll tell you a grand book, that Irish policeman's—

Judge—Order!!

Q.—But is not the whole business of publishing—

Judge—It isn't a business, it's a merry-go-round.

Case dismissed!

* *

☞Pulling Power Department: "Dear Quercus," writes Bob Linscott, "nothing could be simpler. The sales of 'Comic Relief' to date are 6794 copies, and if the author had not been such a spendthrift in his payments for copyright material (in a quixotic attempt to include only the best and hang the expense) he might, at this moment, be lolling about Europe on the proceeds. Now let's hear from 'Spoofs.'"

☞Anonymous Letters Department:

"Dear Quercus:

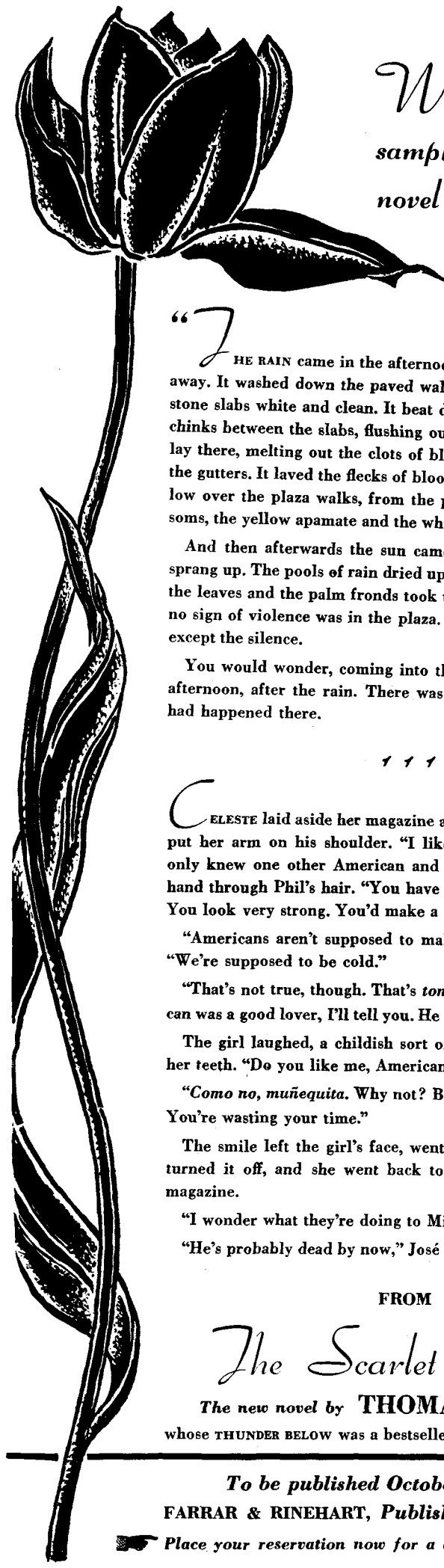
"If you said men, your statement about Barnaby Ross and Ellery Queen would be correct. Both of these cousins originally hailed from Brooklyn where one still dwells, although they share the same N. Y. address when collaborating.

"X— Bookseller from Brooklyn."

☞Old Quercus, who is never satisfied with a single reading of a publisher's catalogue, has been poring over the Doubleday announcements, and has found a remarkable statement in the description of "New Feet for Old" by John Martin Hiss, M.D.—referring to the author as "America's leading specialist in *pediatrics*." Is Dr. Hiss really a pediatrician, or is it possible that a philoprogenitive colony like Garden City has mistaken the meaning of the word?

☞A reliable traveler, returning from a trip to Europe, reports a conversation with George Bernard Shaw. It seems that the morning after his lecture at the Metropolitan Opera House last April, Mr. Shaw arose to find that all of his teeth were loose. (They tightened up later in the day.) We can't decide whether this incident is related to the quality of Mr. Shaw's "Black Girl" or merely to his vegetarian diet.

☞A colony of writers in Hollywood, under the leadership of Rupert Hughes, has organized the Author's League of the NRA, "pledged to increase employment and wages and reduce working hours." Perhaps they are all going to hire extra secretaries and produce more books; but it seems more reasonable to suppose that this move is designed to solve the unemployment problem of the forgotten studio writers, so memorably expressed by Mr. George S. Kaufman in "Once in a "Lifetime."



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"THE RAIN came in the afternoon and washed all the blood away. It washed down the paved walks of the plaza, leaving the stone slabs white and clean. It beat down hard, scouring out the chinks between the slabs, flushing out the puddles of blood that lay there, melting out the clots of blood, running off, pink, into the gutters. It laved the flecks of blood from the leaves that hung low over the plaza walks, from the palm fronds, from the blossoms, the yellow apamate and the white jasmin.

And then afterwards the sun came out again and the breeze sprang up. The pools of rain dried up and the sparkle dried from the leaves and the palm fronds took up their rattling again. And no sign of violence was in the plaza. There was no sign of death except the silence.

You would wonder, coming into the plaza, at the silence that afternoon, after the rain. There was no sign anywhere of what had happened there.

* * *

CELESTE laid aside her magazine and walked over to Phil and put her arm on his shoulder. "I like Americans," she said. "I only knew one other American and he was nice." She ran her hand through Phil's hair. "You have nice hair, curly and blond. You look very strong. You'd make a good lover."

"Americans aren't supposed to make good lovers," Phil said. "We're supposed to be cold."

"That's not true, though. That's *tonteria*, nonsense. My American was a good lover, I'll tell you. He was too good."

The girl laughed, a childish sort of laugh, her lips back over her teeth. "Do you like me, Americanito?" she asked.

"*Como no, muñequita.* Why not? But I'm not a good prospect. You're wasting your time."

The smile left the girl's face, went away just as though she'd turned it off, and she went back to the bed and took up the magazine.

"I wonder what they're doing to Miguel," Carlos said.

"He's probably dead by now," José said.

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